Boys! Attention!! Grand Prize Tournament! Read Announcement in this number.

The Young New Yorker.

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TWANG! WENT THE GREAT BOW AGAIN, AND ANOTHER MAN FELL, WHEN THE REST MADE A DESPERATE RUSH FOR THE NEAREST TREES.

Robin Hood,

THE OUTLAWED EARL:

OR,

THE MERRY MEN OF THE GREENWOOD.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF THE LION HEART.

BY PROF. STEWART GILDERSLEEVE.

CHAPTER I.

SCATHELOCK.

A BRIGHT, breezy morning in May, when the young leaves had taken their freshest green, while the birds were singing in the branches overhead, making the woods ring with melody. Sherwood Forest, with its glorious old oaks and beeches, its purling brooks and open glades, is beautiful at any time, even when the brown leaves cover the earth with a rustling carpet, while the wind sighs in the bare branches. But Sherwood in spring, with its green glades, besprinkled with cowslips, scenting the air with a perfume that the breeze carries for miles; Sherwood, with its violets hiding under their broad leaves in the shade of the great trees; birds rocking in their little nests on the topmost branches of the larch; hares scudding from path to path; great, red stags and timid does feeding in the remoter recesses, while spotted harts and hinds flit across every glade: Sherwood in spring is a paradise to the woodsman.

So thought a young man, with long, golden curls of hair, that flowed over his shoulders, as he strolled lightly along in a secluded part of the forest, whistling softly to himself and smiling, as a man perfectly happy. He was dressed in a hunting suit of green velvet; his unstrung bow hung at his back, and he bore his great quarter-staff in his hand, but he did not seem to be thinking of a use for either of these weapons in the blessed spring weather that filled his heart with such pleasure.

To a man full of such peaceful and happy thoughts any interruption is unwelcome, and therefore, it was with an indescribable feeling of repugnance that the wanderer heard another whistle answering his own, and distinguished the figure of a stranger coming down one of the deer-paths toward him. As he came closer, too, there was something in the appearance of the stranger so singularly aggressive and impudent, that the young man in green instinctively realized that he was about to meet an enemy. Those were wild and lawless times, it must be remembered, when men carried arms even on the king's open highway, and the recesses of Sherwood Forest were notoriously full of outlaws, poachers and others. Therefore, our forest wanderer advanced to meet the stranger, certain in his heart that it would end in a fight between them.

The new-comer was a tall young fellow in red clothes, with a lithe, active frame, dark-brown hair flowing in curls over his shoulders, bold brown eyes, and a saucy turned-up nose, with an expression of face that was defiant to the last degree, as he looked at him of the green coat.

"Hey, gay fellow, with the velvet jerkin," he said, as he approached, "Thou look'st a proper man to rove the greenwood, forsooth. Some of these Norman popinjays, I warrant. Canst shoot, gay fellow?"

"Ay, that can I, on occasion," replied the other, as he scanned the form of the stranger critically, noting that he was armed like himself, and bore a similar staff,

"I'll wager a rose noble I can beat thee," said the new-comer, in the same aggressive tone, which seemed to suit his whole appearance, and the scarlet jerkin and hose which he wore—fighting colors from top to toe, and fighting manners to match.

As he spoke, he leaned his staff against a tree, took his bow from his back and began to bend and string it.

The young man halted and regarded his preparations with a smile.

"What wouldst do?" he asked, as the stranger drew an arrow from his quiver and began to place it on the string. The other made no reply beyond raising the bow, and another moment would have seen the arrow piercing the breast of the man in green, when the latter, with a sudden rapid blow of his quarter-staff, struck the bow just above the stranger's hand with such force as to knock it out of his grasp and send it flying.

"Aha! thou'rt a man of thy hands!" cried Red Jacket, with a fierce laugh, and apparently nowise abashed. "We'll see what else thou canst do with that staff of thine."

As he spoke, the young man in red, as nimble as a cat, ran to the tree where he had left his quarter-staff, picked it up, and came leaping down on the other, brandishing the huge weapon in circles on either side of his head, and shouting:

"Have at thee, gay fellow! Now we'll see who is best man."

In another moment, these two young men, who had never seen each other before, and had no earthly cause for enmity, were engaged in a fierce conflict with their great two-handed staves, striking rapid blows with force enough to fell an ox, had they taken effect.

But in the play of quarter-staff for every blow there is a good guard. The man in green proved himself at once to be a perfect master of the quarter-staff, and his opponent was noway behind him. At first they both employed the same guard, holding one hand in the middle of the staff and shifting the other in and out, dealing blows alternately with each end of the weapon. They would advance and retreat, leap back and to either side, always holding the staff so as to cover the body, and seeking for an instant of time or an inch of space unguarded. The rattle of the continual blows sounded like the clatter of a mill, and thus they kept up the contest for several minutes of incessant hard work, till their breath came hard and short, and the sweat poured from their faces.

At last the stranger, after a close rally, in which he had displayed uncommon activity and fierceness, altered his tactics.

Throwing up his long staff in the air till he grasped it with both hands by the end, he made a sudden stride forward and fetched a mighty blow at the head of his foe. Coming with such a leverage, its force was tremendous, and although Green Jacket warded it off, he did so imperfectly. The heavy staff, glancing down, struck off his gay cap and grazed his skull, cutting a gash from which the red blood flowed out all over the golden hair.

"Aha! gay fellow, hast felt the touch of Scathelock?" cried the other, exultingly, as he drew back to repeat his blow. "Now, by'r Lady, thou shalt have more ere thou'st done."

But he had better have left his boast unsaid.

Hitherto Green Jacket had been fighting silently and coolly, with a smile on his face, not attacking with any vehemence, but defending himself stoutly. However, as soon as the first stunning sensation of his enemy's blow was over his color returned, and a fierce look overspread his face as he ground his teeth.

"Now by the head of Harold," he cried, angrily, "I'll show thee that thou hast to deal with thy master, malapert knave."

As he spoke, he ran at the other, and seizing his staff by the end plied him with blow on blow, which it took all the dexterity of the stranger to avoid. Then, closing in on him to half-staff distance, he suddenly lifted his weapon as if to strike, but instead of that thrust vehemently with both hands, driving the end of the heavy staff into the breast of his enemy, and sending him staggering back, gasping for breath.

"How now, malapert knave?" he cried, swinging up his staff with both hands once more.

Then, with a great effort, he dealt Master Scathelock such a knock on the side of the head that the aggressive young man fell at length on the grass and rolled over till he lay still and senseless.

Then the golden-haired youth looked down at his late opponent, somewhat regretfully.

"'Fore heaven, 'tis a proper fellow and a bold one," he said, musingly. "I count myself no craven, but he hath given me enough work. Marry, had I a hundred such we could hold these old woods against all the power of this prince and his covetous barons, who rob us English to give to their Norman Frenchmen."

Without more ado the youth cast aside his staff, knelt down by the senseless one and busied himself in reviving him.

He had not long to work. Master Scathelock as he had called himself, was evidently of a hardy stock, and minded not a cracked crown, more or less; for he presently opened his eyes, put his hand to his head and sat up, looking dazed and stupid.

His late foe rose, resumed his staff, and watched the other in silence. Presently the stranger looked at him and smiled ruefully.

"Gay fellow, thou art best man," he observed. "I came to shear and go back shorn. Thou play'st a pretty staff."

"What brought thee hither?" asked the other, suddenly. "What is thy name? Thy face seemeth as I knew it or some like it."

"Marry, sir, my name is Will Scarlet, that men call Scathelock for the same crack on the nob I gave thee," said the man in red, rubbing his head softly. "But, 'fore heaven, an I cannot guard my own head better I were best give up the name."

"But what brought thee hither, Master Scathelock?" again asked the youth in green velvet.

"Marry, sir, to see Robin Fitzooth, Earl of Huntington, that they call the poor man's friend," returned Scathelock, still rubbing his head softly. "They tell me he is a proper man of his hands, and I would try a bout with him at quarter-staff. But 'tis all over now I have met thee. I seek no Earl of Huntington, for I have my bellyful."

"And 'tis Fitzooth has given it thee," said the other with a smile. "Thou needst go no further, for I am Robin, Earl of Huntington."

Will Scarlet rose to his feet and made a low bow to his late conqueror.

"I am thy servant then, my lord," he said; "for I swore ere I left home that if thou wert more than my match, I would be thy man forever."

"Be it so," replied the earl with his cordial smile. "'Tis an old English custom to fight till we have our bellyful, and then to love one another all the better for the good fight."

"And if my lord take it not amiss," said Will Scarlet, respectfully, "I would give him a piece of counsel. There are men lying in wait for thee on the road hard by, for I met them and heard them talk on't. My lord will do well to keep from Nottingham to-day."

"Nay, not so, Scathelock," replied Huntington with a proud smile. "I never flinched from face of man yet, nor will I now. What harm can men do me?"

"Much," said Will Scarlet, impressively, "*when the prince hath passed a decree of outlawry on thy head.*"

The young earl started back in dismay, bold as he was, for there was something in those times in the penalties of outlawry enough to appall the bravest.

To be an outlaw was to have the hand of every man, woman and child against one, to be a hunted fugitive whom it were meritorious for any to kill while escaping, and whose only haven of refuge was the Fleet Prison for Debtors. To be an outlaw, was to suffer any and every penalty, including death, for the one crime of owing money and being unable to pay it.

"Why outlawed?—at whose suit?—for what?" he asked incredulously.

"Nay, that I know not," said Will Scarlet; "but this I know, that a party of men are waiting at the edge of the forest, and that when I asked them whom they waited for, they said for the outlawed Earl of Huntington, to take him, dead or alive."

The young earl stood for a moment buried in thought, and then turned to Scathelock.

"Good fellow," he said, "we have fought together, and thou art the best man of thy hands I ever met. Wilt go with me and stand by me in this fight?"

"Fight!" echoed Scathelock, in a tone of amazement. "Why, my lord, they be fifteen men in steel caps, and carrying swords and staves."

"So much the worse for them," answered the earl, sternly; and a new look came on his face such as had never appeared there before. "If they will outlaw me, I will see that they have some reason for't. Wilt come?"

Scathelock stared a moment longer, and then replied briskly and cheerfully:

"Nay, an ye will throw away your life, my lord, ye shall never say Will Scathelock turned his back at the pinch of time. Have with ye, my lord."

The earl said not a word, but turned away. The clotted blood was still in the midst of his bright yellow curls, and had nearly dried there, while a dark frown was on his brow. He looked like a sad and desperate man, very different from the "gay fellow" with whom Scathelock had picked a quarrel.

CHAPTER II.

THE ABBOT.

In a lofty room in Fountain Abbey sat Gilbert, the Abbot, with his sandaled feet crossed on a carved stool, while he lay back in his huge oaken chair and listened to the speech of a man dressed in black, who frequently bowed low before him.

The abbot was stout and comfortable in appearance, with a round, rosy face, closely shaven, and a scrupulously correct tonsure. His dress was that of his order of begging friars, and the cord around his waist was of the proper thickness for penitential scourgings.

Nevertheless, the appearance of the room in which he sat showed that he was no austere monk. It was furnished with a luxury very rare in those early days, and boasted of five or six mighty arm-chairs of carved oak, fanciful, but as strong as could be made, with a broad, roomy settee in front of the huge fireplace.

Although it was Mayday, the thick stone walls of Fountain Abbey, oozing with the damps of more than fifty winters, made the atmosphere within so chilly that a fire became exceedingly grateful to the abbot's bare feet, only protected by the thongs of his sandals. The blaze of three or four huge logs lighted up the carved oaken beams of the ceiling, and glanced on a magnificent silver crucifix and the candlesticks of a little shrine at one side of the room.

The stone flags of the floor were covered in more than one place by rich-hued Persian or Turkish rugs, the spoils of some crusading relatives of the abbot, and a fretted glass flagon of wine on the table beside a great silver cup, showed that the gentleman had friends in Venice, the only place where such glass was then made.

Just at the moment when we see him, the Abbot of Fountain Abbey was not occupied with wine, but with a big parchment, which lay across his knees, as he sat before the fire. This document the man in black was explaining to him, to all appearance. It was covered with figures and calculations, and seemed to be very interesting to both, from the expression of their faces.

"And it seemeth, Master Roger Warman," said the abbot, slowly, "that the Earl of Huntington oweth to me, his uncle, a thousand marks, all spent in riotous living, and secured on his estates."

"Fair sir, it is true," replied Roger Warman, with a bow. "The suits and executions are all ready, and if your lordship wishes, the earl can be driven from his estates to-morrow, and taken to prison till he pay all that he oweth."

"That may not be," said the abbot, thoughtfully. "They say the people love him hereabouts, and would kill the king's officers, did they come to take him."

"Then should he be outlawed," said Roger Warman. "It will be easy enough, for Prince John and Queen Eleanor are in these parts, and we can get the decree from the Chancellor, even now, if we wish."

Abbot Gilbert turned his eyes to meet those of the steward, and smiled slightly.

"Thou'rt a keen knave, after all, Roger," he remarked. "But hast thou any way to set the Prince against my nephew Robin? Remember that the king was his godfather, and that the Earl of Huntington and young John were playmates once."

Roger Warman smiled in turn, a foxy, almost a wolfish grin, suggestive of licking the chaps over a fat lamb about to be devoured. He looked foxy at the best of times, this steward of the Earldom of Huntington, with his red hair and sharp nose, his twinkling eyes and cunning expression. His make, long, lean and muscular, was also like that of the fox, and had he been a soldier, he might have made a good one. As it was, his avarice led him, in a day when the profession of arms was the only one called honorable, to become a lawyer and bury his nose in rent-rolls and bills of charges to fill his own pockets.

"The way to set the two at odds is not long a-finding," he observed to the abbot. "The earl hath long loved the Lady Marian, Lord Fitz Walter's daughter, and the Prince hath cast an eye of favor the same way. They will both meet to-day, and the lady with them, so 'twill be strange if we cannot put strife between them."

The abbot nodded his head slowly, and turned again to look at the parchment.

"A thousand marks—four thousand pounds," he muttered. "We never lent him that much, Roger."

"Holy abbot," said the steward, in smooth, oily tones, "it is not good that we should take the funds of the church and lend them to an ungodly reprobate, such as Robin, Earl of Huntington, without requiring interest for the use of the same, and further interest again when that is unpaid. The treasury of Fountain Abbey was always open to him when I came to borrow for his needs, and it is meet that Fountain Abbey should possess his lands now that he hath wasted his substance in riotous living."

Again the abbot nodded his head slowly and stretched out his feet to a more comfortable position before the fire. He was content to accept the steward's arguments without any question. He had been guardian to his nephew, Robin Fitzooth, Earl of Huntington, since the infancy of the boy; and in all that time the earl had been living, unknown to himself, on money lent by his guardian, instead of the dues of his retainers. The consequences were double: the retainers, living free for so long, adored the young earl who had released them from taxes, as they thought; but the estates of Huntington melted away day by day, as the careless boy, ignorant of writing, made his mark to deed after deed at his uncle's bidding, till the time had arrived at last when Robin Fitzooth, at his majority, was an earl without an earldom; an expert in every exercise of the military art, but guiltless of letters; a huntsman of the best, and the strongest youth in Nottinghamshire, but owning not a rood of land he could call his own under the law.

"It is well that the prodigal should be punished, Master Warman," the abbot observed, in a satisfied tone. "The Abbot of Fountain Abbey can take better care of these broad lands than the madcap archer that ranges Sherwood like a clown afoot, instead of wielding the lance in tourney, as a knight should."

"'Tis the blood of the Lady Roisia that makes him love the churl's porridge rather than the knight's pastry," said Warman, sententiously. "The Saxons are still thick in this country, and the earl loves it to be said that he is one of them. He wears his hair long, as they have the custom among their nobles, and goes afoot where other nobles ride."

"The blood of Roisia—Waltheof of Northumberland's daughter—a Saxon to the backbone," muttered the abbot; and the color rose to his cheeks, for he also was of Saxon blood, and strove to hide it on all occasions.

Warman, who was of Norman-French birth, noted the change in his patron's countenance, and smiled to himself as he covered the abbot with unctuous flattery.

"Not that I say anything against Saxon blood," he pursued, "when it is not made plain to all the world that a man is proud of belonging to the English race. They were beaten at Hastings, and any man that is proud of them can consort with them for all me. But it boots not to talk of him now, for an ye wish he will be no earl by to-morrow's dawn."

"Canst thou do it for me, Roger?" asked the prior, in a tone of desire, mingled with caution.

"Ay, well can I, my lord abbot," said the steward, with a low bow. "I lack but one thing."

"And what is that?" asked the abbot, uneasily, for there was something in the other's tone that sounded a little strange.

"My payment," said the steward, quietly.

"And how much lackest thou?" asked the abbot, with his eyes still fixed on the burning logs as if in a fit of absence of mind.

"I lack the spurs of knighthood and an estate," replied Warman, boldly. "My fathers were good men and true at Hastings, but they went afoot. I have given into your hands the broad lands of Huntington and Barnesdale; I need the manor of Tring and to be knighted, that the prince may make me High Sheriff of Nottingham. If your reverence and grace will not do this for me, I can go to the earl and tell him how he hath been wronged by me and others, and then he will go to the justicers and get his lands once more."

"Enough, Warman, enough," said the abbot, lifting his hand to check the other's volubility. "Thou shalt be a knight an I can compass it, and sheriff thereafter."

"I know I can depend on my noble patron," said the steward, bowing low and obsequiously. "My lord shall have his desire to-morrow, for I will have the writs made out to sign by the prince to-day. Were I your lordship, I would go to visit the Lord Fitz Walter. It may be well to show the baron that his interests are dear to the church. Besides, the prince will be there, and 'tis more than like that our galliard Huntington will be there too. Who knows what may happen?"

The abbot shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Thou'rt right, Warman, thou'rt right," he said. "Call brother Ignatius and tell him to saddle the mules, and we will go at once. This boy may get the ear of his grace else; and then all our pains are in vain."

Roger Warman took up a small bell on the table and rung it sharply, when it was answered by a lay brother, who came humbly in to see his superior.

"Go bid the mules be prepared, brother," said the abbot, in the cold, stately manner he always practiced toward his inferiors in rank. "Let Father Ambrose, the cellarer, come with me, and two sumpter-mules with apparel, for we shall be gone several days."

Brother Ignatius bowed low in silence and left the room, when the abbot turned again to considering the figures of the parchment which he held, which was nothing more than the account of the Huntington estate, showing it to be in debt to Fountain Abbey for a thousand marks.

The two worthies seemed never to be tired of comparing notes over this document, and began forthwith to concoct measures how to extort money from the retainers as soon as they should be in legal possession of the estates.

While they discussed this, the wine in the flagon began to diminish, for the abbot could be liberal on occasion, and by the time Father Ambrose, the fat cellarer, came waddling into the room behind his protuberant stomach, the bottle needed to be replenished.

Then Father Ambrose disturbed them both as he came in by his exclamation:

"Now, by St. Charles of Tours, thou shouldst look from the window, brother Gilbert, this morning, to see the brave show go by. Yonder is the Prince John and the Bishop of Ely himself, passing."

Abbot Gilbert jumped up with unwonted agility and ran to the window. As he did so, the clear, ringing notes of a hunting-horn sounded from the meadows of Fountain Abbey, and he looked down. There was the embroidered banner of the Lord Chancellor Bishop of Ely, side by side with the three leopards *passant* of the house of Plantagenet. Abbot Gilbert saw that his opportunity had arrived.

CHAPTER III.

THE FORESTERS.

Two days after Prince John rode past Fountain Abbey and on the same day in which Scathelock fought with the young earl, a party of fifteen men lay on the grass by the edge of Sherwood Forest, where the Nottingham road runs through. They talked together loudly and carelessly, and swigged brandywein from their leathern flasks. They wore steel morions on their heads and steel gorgets to protect neck and shoulders, but they were otherwise unprovided with defensive armor save a quilted green tunic, that might turn the cut of a sword. For weapons, each man wore a broadsword at his side, and carried a quarter-staff in his hand. By those familiar with the marks in medieval attire these men would be recognized as the servitors of some great lord, and the three leopards of gold worked on their breasts were the bearings of the house of Plantagenet.

As they sat there, carousing, and evidently waiting for some one, the quick tramp of a trotting horse was heard, and Roger Warman, the traitor steward of the Earl of Huntington, rode into the midst of them. A great change had come over his appearance, for he no longer wore the black garments of a notary. Instead, he was equipped in full armor of the time, mail-shirt, helmet, cuirass and gauntlets, while his sword clattered against the stirrup of the war-horse he rode, and his gold spurs proclaimed that he had attained the honor of knighthood, as he had, for it was as Sir Roger Warman, Sheriff of Nottingham, that he was now saluted by the men.

"Stand to your arms," he cried, as he rode through. "Your man is coming; and remember that if ye can pick a quarrel with him 'tis better than to take him alive. The prince needs him not. Be ready."

Then the sheriff rode away toward Nottingham, looking as gallant as an honest knight in his new armor, and mounted on the red roan steed which was part of his plunder of the Huntington estates.

The foresters, in their green coats, disposed themselves as if carelessly feasting, but each had his great quarter-staff near him, as two men came out of the greenwood and sauntered carelessly toward them. They were the Earl of Huntington and Will Scarlet, surnamed "Scathelock." Both carried their bows in their hands, ready strung. That of the earl, in particular, was of such unusual size and thickness as to attract attention, for it seemed to be an impossibility that a man of anything but superhuman strength should be able to bend it.

None of the foresters made any motion till the two new-comers were in their midst, when one of them rose, and pointing to the earl, said, jeeringly:

"Here's a fool fellow, that carries a bow he cannot bend. Best give it me, fool fellow."

"Nay," answered the earl, with a grim smile, "this is but a light thing I use for a birding-bow. I have another at home that is stronger."

The foresters all laughed in a chorus of derision, and three more of them rose and began to swagger toward Huntington and Scathelock, twirling their quarter-staves over their fingers in a manner that boded ill for the preservation of peace.

"Nay, then," said the earl, coolly, "I'll wager a rose noble I can hit a hart at five hundred yards."

"To the fiend with thy rose nobles! Thou'st not so much as a silver groat in thy purse," replied one of the men, with a coarse chuckle.

"Nay, then, thou liest," said the earl, as coolly as before. "See here, sirrah."

And he drew from the pouch at his girdle a handful of gold coin and jingled it before the eyes of the crowd.

Instantly every forester was on his feet, and crowding round the earl and Scathelock with menacing looks. The chief among them made a grasp for the money, and the next moment the quarrel they had been provoking began.

With singular rapidity and dexterity the Earl of Huntington began to throw the heavy gold coins, held between a thumb and finger, right into the faces of the astonished ruffians. Each coin struck edgewise with tremendous force, entirely unexpected, and each dropped a man, half-stunned, to the ground. Then, in the midst of the confusion, Robin Fitzooth ran out of the press with great swiftness, Scathelock closely following, and turned when safe out of the reach of a sudden assault.

All the men were picking themselves up, and began to run toward him, when Huntington bent that mighty bow which had been the cause of all the disturbance.

"Hold thy hand, Scathelock," he said, sternly, as the youth beside him was following his example. "This quarrel is none of thine. Leave it to me."

Will Scarlet obeyed in silence, and then the earl drew an arrow to the head and loosed that grand bow.

Twang!!!

It sounded like the cord of a bass-viol as the string flew back, and the sharp whistle of the arrow was followed by a thud and a yell of mortal agony, as the foremost ruffian threw up his arms and fell back in the forest glade, dead, the gray feather of the earl's arrow dripping with his blood.

Hardly had the first arrow sped, when a second was on the string, and a second man fell transfixed, so that the rest halted in terror and amazement. The tall earl stood with his quiver on the ground at his feet, and two arrows in his left hand beside the bow, while he fitted a third arrow to the string.

Twang! went the great bow again, and another man fell, when the rest made a desperate rush for the nearest trees, throwing themselves open to the terrible arrows of the enemy they had so rashly provoked. Before they could reach cover two more had fallen, and then the earl turned to Scathelock.

"Go thou and turn them out, but shoot not, I charge thee."

Scathelock nodded and laughed, and ran off to the right, drawing his bow as he went. Very soon he lifted his weapon to threaten one of the foresters, and immediately the man broke cover and ran out, only to be transfixed by another arrow from the watchful and inexorable earl.

Again and again was this maneuver repeated, the poor wretches bellowing for mercy from behind their trees, but darting out to escape as soon as threatened, till the terrible earl had laid fourteen of his assailants on the sod, with little or no danger to himself. Then the last man turned to flee, and ran like a deer down the highway toward Nottingham, just as Sir Roger Warman, full of impatience, came trotting back to see what had happened. The sheriff and his knave met face to face, just as the earl sent the last arrow in his quiver into the back of the last of his assailants, stretching him in death on the road.

Then the new sheriff of Nottingham turned pale, as he looked down the road and saw all the dead bodies lying there. He checked his horse, and was pulling on the rein to turn him, when Scathelock leaped out of the bushes, with arrow on the string, and called out to him:

"Hold, master sheriff, the Earl of Huntington needs thee."

But Sir Roger Warman could not stand the idea of facing the master he had betrayed. He dug his spurs into his charger, wrenched round its head, and made for Nottingham as fast as he could go.

Not fast enough, however, to escape the arrow of Will Scarlet, who forgot his chief's order in his eagerness to stop the flying sheriff.

Twang! went the bow, and the red roan charger fell forward on knees and crown, and rolled over stone dead, the sheriff pitching on his head.

When he recovered his senses he looked up, and beheld his dreaded master coming toward him, quarter-staff in hand, while Scathelock looked on from the roadside with perfect unconcern.

Sir Roger Warman scrambled to his feet in a desperate hurry and turned toward Nottingham. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that it was useless to flee; for his heavy armor would prevent him making any great speed, while he knew that the earl could run like a deer.

Therefore he took heart of grace, for he was not a coward, even if he was a scamp of the first water. He awaited the earl and drew his sword to meet him, while he flung his small triangular steel shield to the front.

Then up came Huntington to meet his late steward, and recognized him in an instant.

"Roger Warman, what doest thou here?" he asked, in a stern tone.

"I am sent by the orders of the prince to take thee, dead or alive!" answered the new sheriff, boldly. "Lay down thine arms and surrender, for thou art outlawed at the suit of Bishop Gilbert of Hereford, late Abbot of Fountain Abbey."

"For what sum?" demanded the earl, in the same tone.

"For a thousand marks, lent thee by the monks of the Abbey," replied the sheriff.

"Take the quittance, then," retorted the outlawed noble, with a grim smile, and forthwith he advanced on the sheriff.

It seemed as if the contest was all to be in favor of the man in armor, whose sword and shield were confronted by nothing but a quarter-staff, but it quickly appeared that the odds were on the other side. Huntington, before he began his fight, threw his bow, quiver, sword and buckler to the ground, and then leaped forward, light and unincumbered, to the assault, whirling his long staff round his head.

Whack! whack! crack! went the great quarter-staff, and the sheriff caught the blows on his steel shield and sword every time. But they came with such tremendous force that they seemed to numb his arms, and he could make no assault in reply.

The earl leaped round his antagonist, whirling the huge staff about his head, and threatening the man in armor, now on one side, now the other. The fourth blow caught the sheriff on the right leg below the knee, and elicited a groan in spite of the mail hose that protected the limb.

"Aha! Dost thou feel the first of the thousand marks, foul traitor?" hissed the earl, savagely, as he gave a leap to one side, and fetched the other a second blow on the wrist of his sword-arm that sent his weapon flying.

Roger Warman uttered a howl of agony and turned to flee, when the other ran after him, plying him with blow on blow, his armor resounding to the strokes of the great staff, the sheriff roaring for mercy but receiving none, till at last he fell prone on his face in the hard road, and lay motionless as if dead.

Then Huntington desisted from striking and turned over the prostrate sheriff with his foot.

"This will do for to-day," he said, sternly, to the fallen man. "Take thy life without the asking, but beware of the next time thou comest to take me. Go to thy masters, prince or bishop, which thou wilt, and tell them that Robin Fitzooth will make them pay many a thousand marks ere he be done, for this outlawry. They may think that they have the kingdom safe, because the good King Richard is at the wars; but mark me well, Roger Warman, *he will come back*—and then—beware!"

So saying, he turned away to his weapons and slowly resumed them; while Scathelock, who already seemed to have constituted himself his attendant, went round to the dead bodies as they lay, stark and stiff, and coolly pulled the arrows from them, where it was possible so to do.

Then the two men, the outlaw and the willing associate of all his perils, turned toward the great forest of Sherwood and were quickly buried in its recesses. They knew that from henceforth, every man's hand would be against them throughout all England, and yet they seemed to be nowise cast down, as they disappeared under the green arches of the oak wood.

Meanwhile the unlucky sheriff, stiff and sore after the terrible drubbing he had received, spite of his armor, slowly rose to his feet and hobbled off to Nottingham.

Late that afternoon, a mournful procession visited the scene of the conflict, and decently removed the bodies of the slain, who were taken to Nottingham and buried in a common grave.*

And thus commenced the outlawry of Robin Fitzooth, Earl of Huntington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN ALL IS DONE.

BY HARRISON MILLARD.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the day and the night are the same as one;
The year goes green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of somber or shining sand
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the sea,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on toward night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
The maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done?
The fisher's net the burden breaks,
And after the dreaming the dreamer awakes.

The Boy Jockey;

OR,

Honesty versus Crookedness.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RUNNING FOR HIGH STAKES.

For nearly an hour Henry Blythe lay unconscious of all things external, while three physicians whom Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon lost little time in finding and pressing into service, were unremitting in their efforts to restore him to consciousness.

Mr. Charles Reade would have held up his hands in holy horror had he been there to see, for the patient was freely *bled;* but in this case, at least, the operation was attended with perfect success.

Mr. Blythe recovered his senses and his voice. The first use he made of the latter was to ask how the race had gone, and when told that his filly, Aphrodite, had won, a long sigh of grateful ease followed the announcement.

By his wish he was carried down to the stables, and there satisfied himself that the little lady was but little the worse for her desperate struggle. Then he expressed a wish to be taken back to his hotel, and sunk back into Harvey Craven's arms more like a dead man than aught living.

This was only the natural reaction after the dreadful, killing suspense of the past few weeks, but Craven was very much alarmed, and did not breathe freely until he saw the old gentleman fairly tucked up in his bed, and the great doctor, whom they met upon the road to the racing grounds, gravely seated at his side, feeling his pulse.

"I'm all right—only sleepy—and longing for my dear girl—Cora. Send for her, Harvey," slowly and faintly muttered the old gentleman, as his eyes closed in a deathlike slumber.

"Do as he says," observed the physician. "I do not think there is any serious danger—he appears to require sleep and quiet rest more than medicine—but it is always best to be upon the safe side. I will watch beside him for an hour or so. Then, if there is no alteration for the worse, he will be himself again by to-morrow."

Harvey Craven did not send for Cora Blythe, but he went himself, gladly welcoming the prospect of that long ride in company with his betrothed; a prospect that was fated not to be realized!

By rapid walking, he reached the depot just in time to catch the train that left just three hours after that which carried James Hudson and Frank Holman to the same destination.

Just as he entered the little depot at the village situated ten miles from Glendale, and about four from the city where this story first opened, a train upon another track pulled out, running parallel to that upon which Craven had come.

He had barely time to jump off upon the platform, when his train started on, as though eager for a race with the rival engine.

Just as Craven gathered himself up after his not very dignified or graceful exit from the train, the depot agent came out of the telegraph office attached, a yellow envelope in his hand, an excited look upon his usually stolid face.

He had been recently transferred to that station, and in the days gone by he and Craven had been intimately acquainted; but that friendship did not fully account for the glad cry which broke from his lips as he recognized the other, nor the eagerness with which he greeted him.

"I'd rather see you this moment than an angel, Craven," he cried, thrusting the yellow envelope almost into the young man's face. "The strangest dispatch—read it! Man killed while taking it to the office—read it, man!"

If Craven was astonished by this address, he was even more so when he saw that the envelope was directed to Miss Cora Blythe. Who and where was it from? What did Brown mean—

Before his thoughts could carry him further, a loud cry came to his ears, mingled with the swift clatter of iron-shod hoofs, and looking around, he beheld True Blue dashing up, capless, his face white as ashes, his brilliant silken suit torn and covered with dust, while in the distance rode two men, swinging their hats and yelling out some directions of which only the word *thief* could be distinguished.

"Miss Blythe—has she—gone?" panted the boy jockey, rolling rather than leaping from his horse, which stood with trembling legs wide spread, its head drooping, utterly used up.

The depot agent nodded ruefully.

"She went on the six-ten train. Two men were with her, and she appeared to be either ill or very much agitated, for they had to help her into the coach. I saw that much, but I didn't think of there being anything wrong, until this dispatch came, just now."

With a low, sobbing breath the boy jockey sunk down upon the platform.

To be so near success, and yet be foiled—it was very hard! And for once in his life—the first and last time—he completely gave way beneath the weight of misfortune.

With a sickening fear tearing at his heart, Harvey Craven hesitated no longer, but tore open the dispatch and read the message sent by True Blue, to warn Cora Blythe of her impending danger. But there was a brief postscript appended, which only too clearly explained the delay in transmission.

"The man paid to send this message was killed

* The graves of the fifteen foresters said in the old legend to have been killed by Robin Hood were no fiction. They were discovered in 1796, when digging the cellar for a new house in the vicinity of the town of Nottingham, and the skeletons were disposed in the order in which the old ballad places them "all in a row." This fact, recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the end of the last century, confirms the actual existence of the celebrated outlaw, and one of his most remarkable deeds.

while on his way to the office. His last words were a request that this explanation might be made."

That was the postscript, and as he heard it read aloud by Harvey Craven, True Blue knew that the mangled, blood-stained mass which he saw lifted into the cart just before leaving the city was the man whom he had unwittingly sent to his death.

But he did not pause to think of that, but cried:

"Telegraph to arrest James Hudson and Frank Holman for abduction!"

His further speech was checked by the arrival of the two men who had chased him from Glendale as a thief, but who started back in mute amazement as they recognized his face.

As stated at the close of the last chapter, True Blue fell exhausted, within one mile of the house, as he saw Cora Blythe enter the carriage brought for her by her enemies.

How long he lay there he never knew, but as a fresh hope struck him, he arose and resumed his mad race, overleaping the fence which surrounded the stables, and not pausing—not even thinking of explaining his strange actions, caught up the first horse he could lay hands upon, and overleaping the high-barred gate, dashed down the road leading to the station like a madman. He never heeded the angry shouts of the two stablemen, who hotly pursued the supposed thief, simply because he never heard their voices, and they could not overtake him, though the young horse he bestrode was saddle and bridleless.

By this time Harvey Craven realized the full extent of the peril which threatened his betrothed, and acted with prompt decision. He saw that the three horses were thoroughly blown, and he knew that by the high road, the city was fully double the distance that it was along the railroad.

"Come!" he shouted, leaping from the platform and tearing off his coat and vest, then binding his suspenders tightly around his waist.

No further speech was needed. True Blue saw what he meant, and the thought of speedy action cleared away his despair and fatigue like magic.

With a cat-like leap he was in front of the lover, and racing along the level track with the speed of a hound-hunted deer. Close at his heels trod Harvey Craven, but unable to pass him, though he was running for such high stakes.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DOWN THE HOME STRETCH.

It will not do to be too critical while dealing with a fashionable, fast young man like Alfred Hudson, who has been motherless almost from his birth, and even worse than fatherless, since a thoroughly evil father can more quickly and thoroughly ruin a son than can a score of other wicked associates.

Under different tutoring, Alfred Hudson would have been a credit to his country and himself, since, with all his disadvantages, he had not been thoroughly spoilt. His heart was better than his head, and underneath that shell of insolent disregard of all that was good and pure, was a kernel of true manhood that only needed some strong emergency to give it birth.

We have said little about the young man after that night on which he allowed wine and jealousy to get the better of him, partly because more interesting subjects claimed our attention, partly because he kept himself closely housed up until now, the evening of the race for the Washington Cup.

Long before the race could have been decided, or even begun, Alfred sent his body-servant to wait at one of the club-rooms, the proprietors of which had constructed a telegraph line from the grounds to their office, for the purpose of securing the earliest possible information regarding the races, the change in betting odds, etc., for the accommodation of their patrons. He would have gone himself, but both of his eyes were still "in mourning" for that sturdy blow dealt him by Harvey Craven, and he was ashamed to venture forth.

Of course the threatened duel never came off. After being shown the door by Henry Blythe, Hudson went to his chambers and went to bed, awakening the next day in his sober senses. He could recall all that occurred at the hotel, and he was really ashamed of himself; so much so that he felt more like giving than demanding an apology. He did send a note to Mr. Blythe, begging his pardon and Cora's, and then felt more like an honest man than he had for some time.

But these twin black eyes alone would hardly have sufficed to keep Alfred Hudson so closely housed up on this momentous day. He, like his father and Holman, had plunged heavily upon the black gelding for the Cup, and if the Fates decided against him, Alfred knew that he would be not only ruined but disgraced. He had felt so confident of winning, that he had wagered double the sum he could pay in case of disaster, but as the day drew near, he began to fear the worst, and make his preparations for a sudden flitting from the storm which would follow.

His valet had plenty of exercise for his legs that afternoon. First he brought word that the horses had been called out, the pools selling with Midnight first choice, Aphrodite second, the others bunched in the field. Then he came with the announcement that Henry Blythe had changed his jockey, putting up True Blue instead. A third trip was made to announce the dead heat; a fourth to state that the dead heat was to be run off, and that no pools could be sold against the gray filly who was an overwhelming favorite.

All this in a measure prepared young Hudson for the announcement that Aphrodite had distanced Midnight in running off the dead heat, and though he knew his doom of outlawry had been pronounced, Alfred Hudson felt a sensation of relief, rather than otherwise, as he hastily muffled himself up and hastened down the street to Frank Holman's rooms, where he expected to meet both his father and the gambler as soon as they returned from the city where the race was run. And meet them he did, though under very different circumstances from what he expected.

Weary of waiting, and uneasy at the long delay, he was just thinking of lighting the gas when he heard a hack rattle up to the door, and a moment later hasty footsteps upon the stairs.

James Hudson flung open the door, then stood aside to admit Frank Holman, who entered bearing in his arms the limp, motionless form of Cora Blythe.

The telegram which Brown, the station-master, had sent, reached its destination before the train, but the depot police searched the coaches in vain for their game.

Too cunning to throw away a chance, James Hudson and those with him had left the train when it paused at the junction in the lower part of the city, taking a hack and driving at top speed to Frank Holman's chambers, where they arrived as already described.

Though not a little astonished to see his father and the gambler engaged in such business at a moment like the present one, when ruin and disgrace stared them in the face, Alfred Hudson had no intention of interfering when he stepped forward with a careless greeting. But his eyes were quickly opened to the truth by the fierce curse which hissed through the clenched teeth of Hudson, senior, and by the sudden start of Holman, which knocked off the bonnet and heavy vail which had until now concealed the face of the form he was carrying.

The dim red light from the fading clouds in the western sky came through the open window, and fell full upon the pale, deathlike face of the unconscious maiden.

With an angry cry of wondering indignation, Alfred Hudson recognized his cousin Cora, and instantly tore her form from the gambler's arms.

Cursing, Holman struck twice in swift succession at the young man, but, though his fierce blows staggered, they did not fell young Hudson, who hastened to place his unconscious burden upon the couch in the corner of the room, then turned and sprung upon the gambler, closing with him despite the shower of heavy blows that almost blinded him. He knew his inferiority to Holman in the matter of using his fists, but he knew, too, that his bodily strength was as much superior.

Even in that exciting moment when he was locked in what might well prove a death-grapple, Alfred saw his father catch up the form of the insensible maiden, and hasten with it out of the door.

Holman saw it too, and stubbornly resisted the young man's desperate efforts to cast him off.

The hand of fate was in it. His hour had come, and he fought for his doom as desperately as, had he known the truth to come, he would have striven to avoid it.

With a power that would not be denied, Alfred Hudson forced the gambler backward, then freed his right arm and dashed his clenched fist full into the handsome, upturned face with all the strength he could muster.

Blinded, almost knocked senseless, Holman relaxed his grasp—and fell headlong out through the low, open window—down to meet his death upon the stone flags below.

James Hudson, bearing the insensible form of Cora Blythe in his arms, left the room and reached the head of the stairs, only to be confronted by two wild-looking, haggard forms. A fierce curse of disappointed revenge broke in a snarl from his lips as he recognized Harvey Craven and True Blue, the boy jockey!

He saw that he was foiled, and a murderous resolve seized upon him. He raised the light form of the maiden above his head, intending to fling her headlong down the steep stairs, but love lent Craven a superhuman strength and activity. With a panther-like bound he sprung upon the madman, and wrested the precious load from his arms.

At almost the the same instant the sinewy fingers of the boy jockey were fastened upon Hudson's throat, and a fierce, deadly struggle began—to be ended almost instantly.

Their feet slipped, and clasped in each other's arms, they fell headlong down the stairs, lying in a senseless, quivering heap at the bottom, and almost crushing a little snuff-colored figure beneath them in their fall.

This was Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon, who had been warned of danger by Miss Dixie Leftwich as soon as she learned that True Blue had missed the train.

He took the same train that Harvey Craven did, though neither suspected the proximity of the other, and came straight through, believing that he could intercept the abductors at the depot. To him the dispatch was given, and when he failed to find the plotters, he quickly divined the reason, and at once set out for Holman's chambers. He narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the falling gambler, and a moment later made a similar escape, as recorded above.

He gave Alfred Hudson in charge of the policemen who had followed hard upon his heels, and then bent over the two bodies at the foot of the stairs.

At first glance he believed them both dead, and a sharp pang pierced his tough old heart, for in those few days the boy jockey had grown very dear to him. But then a glad cry parted his lips, and turning his head he bade one of the policemen hasten to fetch a surgeon.

A broken arm proved to be the most serious injury True Blue had received, and an hour later, when the member was duly bandaged and set, the boy jockey was able to stand up.

Not so James Hudson. Though still living, his hours were numbered. Both legs were broken, and his spine dislocated. Death was but a question of time. He did not appear to suffer much pain, but was delirious and raved wildly, unconsciously revealing many a black secret of a misspent life.

Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon had dispatched one more messenger, and when he returned, Dan Clark was with him, now in a fair way of recovery. But as he entered the house, he shrunk back with a sharp cry:

"Take me away! It's Thracy Talbot! he'll murdher me!"

The little brown detective assisted True Blue up-stairs, and pausing before Cora Blythe, said: "Miss Cora, allow me to introduce your brother, Charles!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BOY JOCKEY REWARDED.

To those persons who read a story simply for the sake of the story proper, caring nothing in particular for the why and wherefore, there will be little of interest in this chapter, and they are hereby warned not to waste their time in reading what their imagination can, probably, picture far more to their own taste. But to those who have patiently followed the fortunes of True Blue thus far, a few parting words and explanations are due.

It will be remembered, that, while telling the story of how he hunted down the genuine Tracy Talbot, Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon made more than one vague allusion to another tragedy which occurred at about the same time as did the murder of Mrs. Daniel Filkins, but as often checked himself before the curiosity of the boy jockey was aroused.

His suspicions had been aroused when Henry Blythe, in engaging him to keep a friendly watch over True Blue, gave him a hasty sketch of the lad's life history, as told by himself, but he kept these suspicions to himself, and resolved to never give them utterance until he had thoroughly tested the worth of the boy. If his suspicions were true, he knew that the wound caused by the disappearance of the child had almost healed over, and to reopen it for an unworthy object was not to his taste.

He did test the boy jockey, as we have seen, and found him fully deserving the *sobriquet* given him by the enthusiastic Patlander—*true blue* to the core—and then bent all his energies to bringing out the truth.

The story that Dan Clark told him, under the belief that his auditor was True Blue himself, told the detective that he was upon the right track—that the boy jockey was none other than the son whom Henry Blythe had mourned as dead for so many long years.

The only missing link was furnished by the mad ravings of James Hudson before he died. The whole story was made plain, together with the causes and temptations that led up to the crime.

From early youth the cousins, Henry Blythe and James Hudson, had been rivals, and a perverse fate seemed to take pleasure in constantly pitting them against each other.

James Hudson was generally the victor in these contests, but with one of his peculiar nature, a thousand victories are more than offset by a single defeat, and as they grew older the cousins hated each other more and more thoroughly.

Then came the last malicious stroke of perverse fate; the cousins fell in love with the same woman, and bent every energy toward winning her—and balking the other. In this Hudson was defeated. Blythe married the lady, and by her had two children, first Cora, then Charles.

It has not been stated that James Hudson was a widower, but such was the fact. His wife died in giving birth to Alfred, some three years before Henry Blythe married.

Shortly after the birth of Charles, a distant relative of the cousins came on from England to visit them. He was old, very rich, and, his enemies broadly hinted, a little cracked. Certainly he was eccentric enough.

He was completely taken captive by baby Charles, and next to him fancied Alfred. Cora, for some reason, he almost hated.

Two years later he died, leaving his large fortune by will to baby Charles. It was to be held in trust for him until he reached his majority. If he died before coming of age, the property was to revert to his second favorite, Alfred Hudson, and in that case James Hudson was to have sole management of the bequest until his son came of age.

It was an eccentric will, and probably cost one life, if not more.

James Hudson was a gambler almost from his cradle, and falling into serious difficulties, was meditating a black crime when Dan the Devil came in his way, a fitting tool for the foul work.

Dan told Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon the true story of the tragedy. The wife of Henry Blythe met her death by accident, and the shock thus received by the burglar induced him to spare the life he was paid to take away. But this part of the story has been dwelt upon at length in earlier pages.

When the mother and child were missed, long and persistent search was made, but it was nearly a month before the body of Mrs. Blythe was recovered from the deep waters. It was *her* body that the little detective expected to see when he pressed through the crowd to view the remains of Tracy Talbot's victim.

Nothing was heard of the missing child, and it was generally supposed that he had met an accidental death together with his mother.

The property passed over to the care of James Hudson, and by its aid, he was soon out of difficulties and richer than ever.

But just about the time that this story opens, he received a letter from a lawyer's firm in England, stating that a later will had been found, by which the money, failing Charles, was left to Cora, and making no mention of Alfred. The witnesses to this will were still living, and there could be no question as to its genuineness.

Thereupon James Hudson concocted a truly diabolical plot, and in striving to carry it out, met his death.

He resolved that Frank Holman should so disgrace Cora Blythe that she could not help but marry him. Then, through the power he possessed in that dying confession of Holman's confederate, he meant to force them both to make over the property to him as the price of his silence. This done, he would place the dying confession into the hands of the proper authorities, and do all in his power to bring the son-in-law of his hated cousin to a shameful death upon the gallows.

But death cut short his infamous plotting.

Henry Blythe was easily convinced that True Blue was his long lost son, and received him with open arms. The boy jockey had known the truth ever since that evening when the little snuff-colored man arrested him as a thief in the *maison du joie* of Miss Dixie Leftwich, and this knowledge will account for his desperate efforts to save Cora from the snare of the enemy.

Henry Blythe, though he remained an ardent devotee of the turf up to the day of his death—which occurred little more than a year ago—never forgot the terrible lesson taught him by those few weeks of killing suspense. He raced horses until he died, but he never wagered another dollar upon any one of them. And he found that there was double the sport and pleasure in racing for honor, that there was when a fortune depended upon the result.

The little gray filly, Aphrodite, never ran another race, but was treated like a veritable equine queen, and passed the rest of her days in clover.

True Blue—the name is more familiar and dearer to me than that of Charles Blythe—had the body of his faithful little mustang brought to Glendale, and buried there with all honors.

When the holiday bells rung out that Christmas, they helped to celebrate a very happy wedding, in which Cora Blythe was made Mrs. Harvey Craven, and the two groomsmen were the boy jockey and the little snuff-colored man.

As for True Blue, he never married, but a jollier old bachelor never lived.

Dan Clark did not live long after he saw his sin atoned for, in part, at least.

Alfred Hudson fled from his creditors, and was never heard of afterward.

THE END.

Amateur Journalism!

Correspondence, papers, etc., intended for this department should be addressed to Junius W. C. Wright, 530 Rayburn avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Reform.

The present might properly be called the "recruiting" period in amateur journalism. Many of our old and well-known papers have ceased publication altogether, while their vacant places are rapidly being filled by new ones. At such a time it seems to us that several very requisite reforms might properly be introduced. Nothing need be attempted with regard to what our papers shall contain, for the amateur editor will always exercise his prerogative of inserting just what suits his fancy, regardless of the opinions of his cotemporaries, so long as it is nothing unfit for the public gaze. If he thinks serials an attractive feature, he proceeds to publish them, though the size of his paper be only four by five inches. So, with poetry, editorials, humorous items, etc., no effective regulations could ever be made in this direction; but we refer to other and much more important matters. Prominent among these are our Conventions, which under the present system amount to very little that is of credit to the cause generally. One meeting is but a repetition of the others, and the general aim seems to be to have a good time, and the real interests of amateurdom are entirely lost sight of or utterly disregarded.

Take, for instance, the Chicago Convention last July, which, being the most important, serves well to illustrate our remarks. Great things were expected to emanate therefrom, but such expectations were not realized. Beyond adopting a Constitution, little of importance was transacted, and even this small item of business was the result of the earnest labors of the committee appointed to arrange it. When the subject of the "postal decree," which debarred amateur publications from pound-rates of postage, was brought before the meeting, it was discarded as unworthy of attention, when in point of fact it was tending to utterly overthrow our entire institution. Even the banquet, which generally receives such a large share of interest and enthusiasm, was pronounced a failure by many. The professional press was not at all sparing in its remarks, and gave some well-merited rebukes, the whole of which was not likely to inspire respect or interest on the part of the outside world.

The time is fast approaching for the fourth Annual Convention, to be held at Washington, D. C., and the indications are that this will be the largest and most successful meeting amateurdom has ever witnessed. Then let this be the time for decisive action. Let us hold such a 'vention as will electrify the world and draw public attention to an institution that should long since have received their favor and patronage, calculated as it is in every way to improve and practically educate our American youth.

One of our most prominent editors, a fluent writer, and candidate for President of the National Amateur Press Association, said to us, in a letter, some time since: "The time I have spent as an amateur journalist has been the most profitable of my life, and during my short career I have learned more about grammar, spelling and composition than I did in an attendance at school of several years." This is nothing more than the experience of hundreds of others, and such an excellent field for improvement should not be carelessly slighted.

Our Conventions as now held are in no manner an exponent of the real institution. It takes energy, perseverance, industry and intellect to attain a position in the ranks of amateur journalism, and the work is a never-ending one. We are not a drinking, smoking and dissipated set of idlers, as the professional press would make us out. Far from it. Amateurdom contains the material which is to form the bone and sinew of this glorious republic in the coming years. The brain-power that is to direct its future and guide its onward course will emanate from the ranks of hard-working, energetic, but despised amateur printers and *litterateurs*.

Then let such experienced and well-tried veterans as Briggs, Fynes, Kendall, Gee, Snyder and others who will hold a controlling influence at the coming Convention, make it what it should be—a true exposition of our object and future aims. Legislate to improve and elevate our cause, and "let our light shine before men" in such a manner as to fully reveal the true aspect of affairs.

To Amateur Editors.

Editors and publishers of amateur papers will oblige us by sending their advertising rates and a specimen copy of their paper to this office. Address: Publishing Department Young New Yorker, 98 William street, N. Y. City.

Notes.

The *Transcript* again reaches us.

No. 3 of the *National Amateur* is out.

Frank M. Morris has assumed entire control of the *Aldine*.

The *Editor's Eye* is a large weekly paper devoted to local matters.

Herbert A. Clark, editor *Le Bijou*, Rodney, Miss., favors us with several copies of his lively and attractive little paper.

Odds and Ends for February and March has arrived, and as a literary amateur journal, is a decided success. It is printed on white paper instead of tinted as formerly.

The *Little Rhody* is a big one from Westerly, R. I., with very little "amateur" about it. It publishes an essay entitled "Duty," by Winslow, and altogether is quite a fine journal.

From V. A. Hammond, publisher of the *Messenger*, Rehoboth, Ohio, we have received some very good specimens of printing. His press is a Lowe, size of chase 14 x 16 inches. The visiting cards sent us are especially well executed.

The *Gaberlunzie* is a large, well-conducted journal from St. Louis, and is quite a credit to the West. It nominates Huss for President of the National A. P. A., F. M. Morris for President of the Western A. P. A., and Reynolds for President of the Missouri A. P. A.

The *Amateur Journalist* is published by the St. Louis Amateur Journalist's Club, as its official organ. This most beneficial institution was first inaugurated by the Memphis and Boston Associations a year or two since, and since then has been more or less adopted, until finally the N. A. P. A. has recognized its advantages, and the *National Amateur* is the result.

Next week we will present to our readers the first of a series of interesting "*Interviews with Prominent Amateurs*," Mr. Wyndham A. Morris taking the lead. He is well and favorably known as a true and tried member of the fraternity, being a popular leader among Western amateurs. His views as expressed to our reporter, are sound, logical, and full of interest, and we commend them to the notice of all those who love the cause.

"Question.—Is The Young New Yorker, the latest addition to the professional boys' weeklies, to be classed among the sensational papers? We hardly think so, as it contains very little sensational matter, and has an amateur department edited by J. W. C. Wright, of Memphis, which is patronized by the most prominent amateurs in the 'dom."—*St. Louis Telephone.* Koch's head is level on this subject. The Young New Yorker fills the void so long felt of a standard literary weekly for American youth, and believing them capable of discriminating between good and bad, it aims to furnish both attractive and instructive reading, and to exclude "blood-and-thunder" entirely from its columns. With regard to this department, we are happy to say it has received a hearty indorsement from the amateur press, and thanks are tendered for many favors from our friends.

Loyal Sons of America.

Notice.—As each officer of the Cabinet Council has his particular duty to attend to, all correspondence should be addressed to its proper department, *with stamp* for reply, care Secretary of State. All communications and questions relating to the order to T. Elmer Haines, Secretary of State; in regard to military, Thos. B. Usher, Instructor-General; in reference to the "grand celebration," the entertainments, and instruction to procure gymnasium and library, Horace S. Keller, Vice-President, all at 17 Bond street.

The Loyal Son's Badge.

The above cut is a *fac-simile* of the newly adopted badge of the Loyal Sons of America. It is made of oroide gold, the ground is blue enamel, the tent white, and the letters raised. Samples can be obtained by addressing W. A. Hayward, 212 Broadway, N. Y., box 3,297. Price 50 cents each.

To the Front.

It is not a council of war to which we now call your attention. We have from week to week asked you to bear with us, while we explained the different workings of our order, its objects, principles and foundations. We now have a word or two to say to the noble young men who have enlisted in this glorious cause. You have now other interests at stake than those of self. You have the welfare of the order of which you are a part within your hands. Will you all join in the noble endeavor? Will you strive with all the energy of your natures to promote the brotherhood? We have but small fear that you will disappoint our hopes. We are thousands of heads, hearts and hands, all connected under one organized power to promote good among our people. You must step to the front. Let not a single brother rest contented that some other brother takes a more important part in the battle. You can each do a good work. You who can wield the pen, wield it. Labor for the further advancement of our order. You who have skill in matters concerning military business, be up and doing now. Do your share: do whatever part of the labor you are best adapted for. Do your duty and leave the rest to the Giver of all Good.

A Decision.

The following letter and answer explain themselves:

"Boston, March 31st, 1879.

"Horace S. Keller, Vice-President L. S. of A.:

"Dear Sir—It is with deep sorrow mingled with regret that I received the information that I could not become a member of the Loyal Sons of America, and while I cannot but admire the apparently decided stand taken by you in my case, yet I cannot refrain from making at least an appeal to you and your brothers to make an exception of me. Although born in St. John, N. B., I resided there but six or seven months when I came to the United States; and have resided therein ever since. *My father and mother are both American*, and I can honestly say that my every sympathy is with America, and furthermore, that I am heart and hand, American. And if war was to be declared to-morrow, there would be but few who would be more willing to engage in the bloodiest warfare than myself. If you desire, I can send you a plea, signed by the applicants of L. wigwam, requesting you to admit me as a member.

"Hoping to receive a favorable reply, I remain, yours respectfully, John C. McL."

Answer.—We did not fully understand the facts as stated in J. C. McL.'s first application. The real question is, what is a native American? and in this matter we must follow the law of the land. Since J. C. McL. was born of native American parents, his nationality follows those parents if he so elects. J. C. McL. is eligible for admission to the L. S. of A.

Executive Office Loyal Sons of America, 17 Bond St., New York, April 2d, 1879.

Whereas, T. Elmer Haines, of the Cabinet Council, is about to make an extended tour of the United States, making it impossible for him to attend to the duties involved in the office of Secretary of State, I hereby appoint Col. G. H. Beuermann, of Brooklyn, N. Y., his successor. The said G. H. Beuermann will receive from the members of the order the respect and honor due to his position and rank.

Charles D. Haines, *President.*

Notes.

Wm. Cash, Wapping Falls.—Nothing as yet.

J. W. B., Brooklyn.—Call and see President Haines.

C. R. E.—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

C. R. E., Philadelphia.—Which is latest, letter or postal?

Theo. J. M., Allegheny City.—Waiting to hear from you.

J. T. Farnum., Galveston.—Secret instructions forwarded.

Thos. Lallance, New Orleans.—Will decide your case shortly.

John Baxrow, Cincinnati.—You gave no address in your letter.

R. H. C., Florida.—No answer to our last. What are you doing?

Adate, Milwaukee.—Why this delay? Have you received books sent?

Geo. I. Putnam, Charlestown.—Sent books. Have they been received?

F. B. E., New Orleans.—Have lost your address. Please send at once.

W. Loremus, (Sec'y No. 3.)—Have written. See this column relating to badges.

W. L. T.—We cannot deviate from the Constitution. Have sent works C. O. D.

M. M. Ripley, E. Boston.—Did you receive books? Should like to hear from you.

C. A. R., Dover.—Have you sufficiently recovered to put on the harness once more?

W. L. D.—The information you desire can be found in this column. The badges are very fine.

G. W. W., Springfield.—When you come write and we'll then give you the desired information.

R. F. Lawson., Denver, Col.—Lost your address. It should be written in each communication.

C. A. Riggs, Turin.—Did you receive all necessary information to proceed with organization?

Alex. H. Kerr, Phila.—Did not fully understand yours. Be foremost in the ranks and organize at once.

W. R. J.—You give no address. Sent books and letter directed to W. R. Jackson, Memphis, Tenn. Did you receive them?

J. A. S.—Photo received. Very good. How about R. L., Allegheny City? The regalias are to be changed, per notices sent.

Frank E. McN., Elizabethport, N. J.—Would like to hear from you and what you have done, are doing and will do for our Order.

J. H. V., Somerville, N. J.—If you are too young yourself you might be able to have your friends form a wigwam. Will you try?

Harold Tracy, Knoxville, Tenn.—Rather you would send money-order. We are sometimes weeks in receiving returns C. O. D.

C. K., New Haven.—"We will keep up a hopeful heart" and trust soon to hear of the complete success of our glorious Order in your city.

Alex. Simon, Cincinnati.—By yours, bearing postmark Defiance, O., we judged it was your desire for brother Tobias to act as deputy. Have written.

The Amateur Editors and Publishers to whom we have sent notices from the new York Press, will oblige by copying in your journals and forward us copies of same.

W. L. Washburn, Hartford.—With few exceptions we have all the prominent amateur authors, editors and publishers in our Order. Help us in your city. Did you receive constitutions and by-laws?

Alex. H. Kerr, No. 126 Delaware ave., Philadelphia.—As we have wigwams in your city it would not do to advertise. Those living in your vicinity would do well to call upon or address you by mail.

Jason, Brooklyn.—For desired information relating to drum corps apply to Thos. B. Usher, Instructor-General, 17 Bond St., New York, where all letters relating to such matters should be addressed.

Wm. E. Muffley, Quincy, Ill.—The secret instructions should have been sent to the chief. The secretary must deliver them to you. Follow instructions—you do not trouble us by asking any questions or information. We expect you to be the means of forming many wigwams in your vicinity. Let all the brothers of "Enigma" wigwam go to work in earnest and see what they can accomplish.

The Excelsior Young New Yorker.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

Terms To Subscribers.

One copy, six months, ... $1.25
" " one year, ... 2.50
Two copies, one year, ... 4.50

NOTICE.—We will furnish back numbers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, to No. 1, as required, post-paid, on the remittance of five cents per copy. Back numbers can also be ordered through any newsdealer.

Address all remittances and communications to

ADAMS AND COMPANY, Publishers,
98 William Street, N. Y.

"*All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote.*"—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A New Campaign.

WITH the present number, THE YOUNG NEW YORKER arrives at the legal age of twenty-one, and prepares for a new and vigorous campaign. Mr. David Adams having arranged his affairs so as to be able to give his time to the paper, resumes his post as general manager of the literary departments, while Captain Whittaker will hereafter devote himself to work in his special field. Thus the united efforts of both parties will be directed to making THE YOUNG NEW YORKER the best boys' paper in the world.

The experience of the last few months has convinced us that we were right in thinking that American boys demanded something that no one else has yet attempted to furnish them, pure and wholesome reading suited to their tastes, with no taint of "blood-and-thunder," yet full of healthy excitement. This want we have tried to meet, and if we can judge from the enthusiasm of our readers and correspondents, we seem to have satisfied th ir wants.

One thing we have given them which has never before been attempted: a *boys' newspaper;* the only one in the world. Not a mere story paper, but one full of all the news that a real live boy likes to read about, and in which he can see his own doings represented.

But inasmuch as all boys love novels we have decided to add to the news the very best stories that money can procure, and open this week with the historical romance of

ROBIN HOOD,

By Professor Stewart Gildersleeve.

Every one has heard of Robin Hood, but very few American boys have a clear idea of who he was and when he lived. Many people even think him a myth. Professor Gildersleeve has searched out all the authentic records of the great archer, buried in old black letter ballads and monkish manuscripts, and brings before us the life and times of Robin Hood as vividly as those of to-day.

Next week, right on the heels of this wild romance of chivalry and the greenwood, will follow a short story by

Captain Mayne Reid,

the world renowned boys' writer, a tale of the Mexican border, involving one of the most ingenious mysteries ever hidden in the web of fiction.

MAYNE REID'S well-know qualities of dashing description and romantic incident were never more apparent than in this weird story

THE SPECTER RIDER.

From

Mayne Reid to Bracebridge Hemyng,

still better known as "JACK HARKAWAY," is hardly a step. The question of which is most popular among boys is impossible to decide, and accordingly the "Specter Rider" will be followed direct by Mr. Hemyng's latest and best story, written expressly for us, called

JACK HARKAWAY IN NEW YORK.

Of this story we shall have more to say next week. For the present let it suffice that all those boys who followed the fortunes of Jack Harkaway years ago, when he first made his bow to the American public, will find an increased interest and excitement in the adventures of Jack, grown up, on his travels through the great metropolis.

The interest excited by our old friend Jack will be kept up and increased when we bring the great boys' author, OLIVER OPTIC, on the scene with his new story, written for THE YOUNG NEW YORKER:

THE PINK OF THE PACIFIC;

OR,

The Adventures of a Stowaway.

A tale of wildly exciting life among the pirates of the Malay Archipelago.

We have thus prepared for all our readers a treat which we know they will appreciate and promise them that more is coming.

Our Grand Prize Tournament.

DURING the coming summer we propose to offer for open competition by all boys a series of prizes for the best amateur performances in walking, running, leaping, with and without pole, rowing, bicycle riding, etc. Also a series of prizes for base-ball clubs and individual players, divided into classes according to ages. The details of the scheme of prizes and the conditions which we shall exact to secure honest performances, will be fully elaborated in our next and the following numbers. In brief, we may say here that we shall furnish the forms of attestation of record, and prescribe the method of entrance to the competitions, and expect to make the contests memorable among all American boys.

Look out for the next few numbers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, all who wish to earn prizes.

To Our Correspondents.

BEING in daily receipt of a large mass of correspondence on sporting and other subjects from our friends, we wish to say a few words to them, both for their sakes and our own. We should like very much to be able to use all of the matter sent to us, in so far as it contains facts, but are frequently unable to do so, on account of the form in which it comes. To prevent future misunderstandings, we will try to show our friends just what will be of use to us and how they can best send it.

First, we want local news of all sports and pastimes practiced by amateurs, especially base-ball news. Of the professional players we can take care ourselves, and do not wish clippings of daily papers a week old, with accounts of stale matches. These are no use to us, but personal news of professionals not already printed we are always glad to receive.

Amateur games and notices of State amateur leagues are welcome, if they are briefly stated, all the facts being clearly given.

The same rule holds good of walking and running matches and athletic meetings where different contests take place. We can take care of the professionals and the great clubs of New York and vicinity, but we need good accounts of amateur meetings.

For shooting and hunting notes and aquatic matters, follow the same rule.

Finally, we ask our friends not to mix up notes on the different departments of our paper on one sheet, as it frequently causes the rejection or scant notice of the items sent us. Make your items on base-ball, athletics, rod and gun, aquatics, on separate slips. Write plainly, and leave room for corrections between the lines. Give the date by the day of the month, not of the week, and do not use the words "inst." and "ult.," instead of the name of the month. Use few adjectives. An observance of these rules will help readers, writers and—editor.

Columbia College Games.

THE games at Gilmore's Garden, April 4th and 5th, under the auspices of Columbia College Boat Club, were finely contested. The first event was the 75-yard handicap run, 30 entries, 7 heats, run April 4th. The first heat fell to D. O. Fowler, S. I. A. C., 8 yards, in 7 3-4 sec.; second heat W. G. Morse, N. Y. A. C., 7 yards, in the same time; third heat C. S. Phillips, New York, 6 yards, in same time; 4th heat H. Mooyer, New York 6 yards, in the same time; Bertram Hughes, Philadelphia, 5 1-2 yards, was the victor in the fifth heat in 7 1-2 sec.; W. J. Crowley, New York, 4 yards, won the sixth heat in 7 3-4 sec.; and Horace H. Lee, University of Pennsylvania, scratch, beat two others in fine style in 7 3-4 sec., for last heat. The first heat of the second night was won by C. S. Phillips in 8 sec.; W. G. Morse took the second heat in 8 sec.; W. J. Crowley captured the third heat in 7 4-5 sec.; Thomas Simpson took the fourth heat in 8 1-4 sec.; The fifth heat and race was won by H. Mawyer. Time 7 4-5 sec.

The second event of April 4th, was a mile walk for collegians only, won by Charles Eldridge of Columbia in 8 minutes, beating Watson, Coll. City of N. Y., by 50 yards.

The mile run for collegians was won by Fiske of Columbia, beating Trask of Columbia by 12 inches only in 5m. 12s.

The Union Boat Club team of six light weights beat the Scottish-American light weights at tug-of-war by nine feet in fifteen minutes, and the New York Athletic team beat the Eagle Base-ball Club in thirty seconds. On the final tug the N. Y. A. C. beat the Unions in eleven minutes eleven seconds.

The two-mile handicap walk had eighteen starters in two heats. Joseph A. Hess, Empire A. C., 1m. 4s. start, won the first heat in 17m. 35s. actual time; Otto J. Frank, same club and same handicap, was second in 17m. 39s., actual time, and Samuel N. Hoag, American A. C., scratch, was third in 16m. 19 1-4s., actual time. J. B. Clarke, New York, 1m. 10s., won the second heat, beating J. Cameron, New York, 1m. 20s., second, and J. T. Goodwin, Empire A. C., 1m. 20s., third.

The best three in both heats started next night and Joseph Hess won the prize in 16:53.

The mile handicap walk had seventeen starters, in two heats. J. A. Breslin, New York, 40s., won the first in 8m. 29s., actual time, with Hiram C. Bennett, Jersey City A. C., 40s., second. William T. Goodwin, 40s., won the second heat in 8m. 15 1-2s., actual time. J. B. Clarke, New York, 25s., was second, and E. Berry Wall, American A. Co., third.

The final heat next night was won by Breslin in 8:06.

The half mile handicap run had nine starters. Edward Merritt, New York Athletic Club was scratch man. R. H. Sayre, Columbia, 48 yards, won by fifteen yards. Mr. T. Ellis, S. A. A. C., 45 yards was second. Merritt, though he ran up to his average standard, was too heavily handicapped. Time, 2m. 10s.

The 250-yard run for collegians was won by Evert J. Wendell, of Harvard, in 26 3-4 seconds, beating T. J. Brereton, Columbia, 3 yards.

There was a match-race the first evening between a new bicycle and one of the velocipedes that used to be the rage. The velocipede had a quarter of a mile start in a mile, and was ridden by W. G. Morse, while Joseph Lafon made the bicycle fly. Lafon won easily in 4m. 16s.

Then came a paper chase by the Westchester Hare and Hounds Club in uniform, in and out all over the building, which was a bore.

The second day's sport began at one o'clock in the afternoon with a novel contest, a four hours' "go-as-you-please" with 119 starters. The management of this race was very creditable. The competitors were sent off in twelve squads, with as many sets of scorers. The interest was great, for it seemed that O'Leary's backer was watching the boys to pick out runners, O'Leary being engaged in the same task out at Chicago. The progress of the race may be thus briefly described: At the end of the first hour only half a score had dropped out. E. Foster, Plainfield, N. J., led the line; he had run 8 miles and 3 laps. John C. Byron, Babylon, L. I., came next, 8 miles, 1 lap; J. J. Riley, New York, 3d, 8 miles.

Two hours found seventy-five in the race, headed by Chas. W. Foster, Yorkville, 16 miles; second, C. J. Leach, Scottish-American Club, 15 miles, 6 laps; third, John C. Byron, 15 miles, 3 laps. Several of the smaller boys were going gamely.

About fifty athletes were on the track at the end of three hours. C. L. Mann of the Deaf and Dumb Institute headed the line, having gone 22 miles, 2 laps; C. J. Leach was second, 21 miles, 6 laps; C. A. J. Queckburner, Scottish-American Club, third, 21 miles, 5 laps.

Forty-five of the contestants were in at the finish. C. L. Mann, the deaf mute, led the string with 29 miles; Charles B. Thompson, of Jersey City, came next, 28 miles; C. A. J. Queckburner was third, 27 miles, 7 laps; Wm. Irvine and C. J. Leach were fourth, each making 27 miles, 6 laps.

The only other noteworthy feature of the meeting was the winning of the three-mile bicycle race by Jos. Lafon, in 14m. 41s. Poor time, but better than some that has been done. Financially the meeting was a grand success.

Captain Boyton's Trip.

The captain's record during the past week commences at Paducah, Ky., April 3d, where, a telegram says, an immense concourse of people assembled on the banks of the Ohio river to see Captain Boyton arrive. He left Shawneetown, Ill., on the 2d, at half-past two o'clock, carrying a lady's colors on his paddle. Caseyville, Ky., was reached at half-past five and a hurrah given as the voyager passed. The weather being favorable, Cave-in-Rock, Ill., was reached at half-past seven. Here a large bonfire was burning, and quite a fleet of boats came up to cheer the weary voyager.

After leaving a gale sprung up, and blew with fearful fury dead ahead. The wind being straight against the current made billows which would do credit to Long Island Sound on a rough day. So rough was the night that all steamboats had to lie up for safety. The Idlewild made an effort to reach Paducah in order to take a delegation up the river to meet the captain in the morning; but she was almost wrecked by the force of wind and waves, and compelled to lie up for two hours. Still the courageous pilgrim kept up his lonely toil all night, although his suit became covered with ice. The wind veered to the north-west, and one gust blew him completely across the river from Illinois to Kentucky, despite his efforts. He passed Elizabethtown, Ill., at half-past ten P. M., the wind still blowing. Golconda was passed at two in the morning, the sound of the captain's horn waking up the villagers, who rushed from their beds to greet him. The weather then became intensely cold, and all his implements were frozen up.

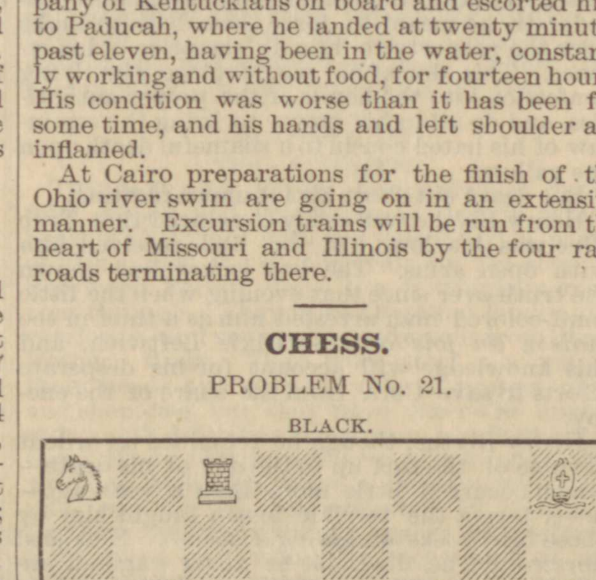
At the head of Tennessee Island the steamer Idlewild met the hero with a distinguished company of Kentuckians on board and escorted him to Paducah, where he landed at twenty minutes past eleven, having been in the water, constantly working and without food, for fourteen hours. His condition was worse than it has been for some time, and his hands and left shoulder are inflamed.

At Cairo preparations for the finish of the Ohio river swim are going on in an extensive manner. Excursion trains will be run from the heart of Missouri and Illinois by the four railroads terminating there.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 21.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Chess Notes.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, has formed a chess club, and it is said to be flourishing.

WITH the present week we discontinue the problems of our chess column for a time, owing to the pressure of other matter more appropriate to the season. Chess is preëminently a game for the cool, quiet person who luxuriates in long hours over the board by the winter fireside, but it seems to have but little hold on the affections of most of our readers, at all events in the spring, when open-air sports are wooing us out of doors. The problem given above will therefore be the last that will appear for some time in these columns. Those that we have already given have developed one very promising young player, Mr. C. M. Morris, who has sent us the only correct solution of No. 16, and has failed at none, while every one else has failed at 16 entirely, and made mistakes in other problems. Next after Mr. Morris, come Henry C. Van Sant and Frank U. Scofield, the rest tailing.

One very encouraging instance, however, is that of Mr. George Armstrong, of Cornwall, Ontario, Canada, who never saw a set of chessmen till six weeks ago, but boldly undertakes 16, 18 and 19 with pretty fair results.

A Glass Gown.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "In the large basement room of the residence of S. Isaacs, at No. 1,434 Mission street, is now being woven the most wonderful fabric of which the voluminous history of unique feminine apparel furnishes any account. It is the material, as flexible as the finest silk and as durable as Blue Jean Williams' favorite stuff for trowsers, for a lady's dress, and it is being woven by an artist in glass work, Professor Theodore Grenier, out of innumerable colored strands of glass first spun by himself. Only about ten inches a day can be woven, and the whole piece will not be completed until some time in April. At the coronation of Queen Victoria she wore a dress the woof of which was of spun glass, but the warp of silk. This was then thought to be the greatest feat which could ever be accomplished in the glass business."

Cutting a Tiger's Claws.

THE interesting feat of clipping the ingrowing claws of the royal Bengal tiger, "Jim," was accomplished at Philadelphia, March 28th, with a great deal of difficulty. On account of the lack of constant attrition on rough ground, such as they would have had if traversing their native jungle instead of the smooth floor of his cage, Jim's claws had become lengthened to an unnatural size, and continuing to curve inward, had grown deeply into his paws, by which the animal was exposed to an attack of lockjaw. Hence the clipping. The well-known animal trainer, Mr. A. J. Forepaugh, was retained for the operation, and appeared early in the morning at the carnivora house of the Zoo, accompanied by Dr. Chapman, physician to the garden, Arthur E. Brown, the superintendent, and four keepers. Mr. Forepaugh had provided himself for the operation with a strong three-quarter inch rope, looped at one end, a long pole and four short half-inch cords, also looped, a thick, knotty hickory club and a pair of sharp wire nippers, and with these tools proceeded to do the job as follows:

The loop of the larger rope was placed on the end of the long pole and thrust into the cage. At the instant the tiger leaped into the furthest corner with a terrific roar which startled the other animals, and the lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas all howled in chorus. The loop, however, was run over "Jim's" neck, and he was gradually drawn, in spite of his struggles, to the front of the cage.

Mr. Forepaugh now showed consummate coolness and judgment, and quietly and quickly directed his assistants to secure the animal to the front of the cage. "Now his feet," and the fore-feet were in the loops with the aid of an iron scraper, and the tiger, bewildered at the tactics of his supposed enemies, shook his head, roared and for a few seconds struggled fiercely to get loose, but instead of getting loose, opportunity was taken to get the loops of the other ropes on the hind-feet, and he was thrown on his side and drawn up to the front of the cage with his hind-feet sticking clear through and the fore-feet to the edge.

In this position he was secured and safety cords attached to the ends, each one of the latter being held by one of the assistants, so that as soon as the operation was completed all the feet could be loosed at once. As soon as the feet were thus secured the rope around the neck was cast off, so that the tiger's head was free. One of the keepers was then stationed near the head, so that in case he bit at the ropes binding the feet or at the operator he could thrust the hard wood knotted club into his mouth for him to bite on. This became neces ary so often that the hard club was chewed into a pulpy brush.

"All ready," said Mr. Forepaugh, and taking in his right hand a large, sharp wire clip, had each ingrowing claw in turn pryed from the flesh and straightened out, and clipped off to the required size. The right hind-foot was the worst one of the claws, having grown fully an inch into the flesh, and by constant irritation caused the wound to inflame and fester. As soon as this, with a part of the outer shell, which had been shed into the wound, had been removed, the tiger appeared to quiet down, and submitted to have the rest of the claws of the same foot clipped without making much struggling. The right front paws was also badly lacerated and inflamed. The claws were clipped in every case very quickly and successfully. As soon as the claws of each foot were clipped the operator rubbed burnt alum into the festered wounds to burn away the proud flesh, and then poured over the wounds balsam of fir to heal the same.

After all the claws had been clipped Mr. Forepaugh, stepping back, cautioned his assistants to be ready to pull the safety cords at the word. So the animal, freed from all the cords at once, sprung to his legs like a flash and jumped to the rear of the cage, where he first licked his bloody chaps, and, squatting, soothingly licked his paws, apparently satisfied that they were still in his possession, commenced pacing his cage, showing evident signs of having experienced great relief from the operations performed on him. The whole operation occupied only twenty minutes and was very satisfactory to all parties. In a few days the paws will be examined again for proud flesh.—*N. Y. Herald.*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Several letters stand over for next week's paper. Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City, inclosing real name and address of writer as guarantee of good faith. Anonymous letters burnt in future.

F. BLOW. Your notice published last week with full advice.

F. F. A. asks: "1st. How do you measure a standing jump; from heel to heel or from toe to heel? 2d. What are the dimensions of a U. S. army haversack?" ANSWERS. 1st. Toe to toe. 2d. The haversack is in a transition state just now till the last board of equipment reports.

C. H. L., Cleveland, asks: "1st. What can you supply me a book on dumb-bells and club exercise for? 2d. Where can I get a book on the making of small sailing boats and at what price? 3d. What do you think of my writing?" ANSWERS. 1st. 30 cts. 2d. No reliable book published. 3d. Fair.

GEORGE STEEL says: "I saw in your paper that Rowell stands 5ft. 4in., and *Spirit of the Times* said that he stood 5ft. 6in. in his stocking-feet. Please tell me which is right?" ANSWER. The *Spirit of the Times* said no such thing. Rowell is nominally 5ft. 6in. but actually only 5ft. 4in., and rather scant measure at that.

E. W. B., Dover, writes: "I stand 5ft. 3½in. in my stocking feet; I am 14 years of age, weigh 168 lbs.; measure 41½ inches across the shoulders, 38 inches around the chest, and 37 inches around the waist. If exercise will reduce my weight, what kind of exercise would you advise me to take?" ANSWER. Run all you can; drink very little water or liquid of any kind, and—run.

MACHINE writes: "I am 16 years old, 5ft. 6in. in hight and weigh 138 lbs.; is that the average for boys of my age? 2d. Which trade do you think best, plumber or machinist? 3d. How are my writing, grammar, etc.? ANSWERS. 1st. A little above the average. 2d. If your are either, stick to it. A rolling stone gathers no moss. 3d. Poor. The writing is cramped, the spelling not good.

W. M., Charlestown, writes: "1st. Tell me the best time made in six days' walk, and by whom? 2d. Tell me the best time made by Rowell and by Ennis? 3d. If you think you will have pictures of Riley or Plaisted in your paper? ANSWERS. 1st. 519 miles by O'Leary against Weston, London, April, 1877, square walking. 2d. See No. 18 YOUNG NEW YORKER. 3. Cannot say at present.

JOHN L., Fayette, Mich., asks: "1st Where can I get a book on running and walking, and how much would it cost? 2d. I am working every day, and do not have much time for exercise, and what would be the best exercise for me when I do have time? 3d. What do you think of my writing?" ANSWERS. 1st. We will send you one for ten cents. 2d. If you are under 18, run instead of walking. If over, use clubs or dumb-bells. 3d. Legible but clumsy.

A PHILADELPHIA BOY asks: "1st. Can you give me the address of the manufacturers of the musical telephone; if not, can you tell me where I can obtain one of the telephones? 2d. What size Indian clubs should a boy of 18 use?" ANSWERS. 1st. The New York Telephone Company, New York city, is the address to write to for information on the subject. 2d. Six-pounders. He might even begin with fours to advantage. If he has his growth he can train up to use ten-pounders by the time he is twenty-one.

J. McC. asks: "1st. What are the rules of the Hare and Hounds game? 2d. What are the officers and their duties? 3d. Do you know of any preparation that will give me a long wind? 4th. I am a telegraph operator and would like to get an office in Missouri; do you know what pay operators get there? 5th. How is my writing and grammar?" ANSWERS. 1st and 2d. In No. 4 of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, you will find them in full. 3d. Nothing but practice. 4th. The same as elsewhere, pretty low.

K. A. H., Philadelphia, writes: "I noticed in your answers that you recommend horseback riding as a cure for knock-knees. How if you have no horse? Is there no ointment, no medicine, no other way to cure it?" ANSWER. No ointments will cure knock-knees. Riding on a horse, or any exercise in which a similiar separation is given to the knees will cure it. Nothing else will and that only in the course of time.

C. M., of Albany, asks: "1st. The best materials for athletic suits? 2d. Can you furnish me with a good athletic book, with boxing, fencing, wrestling, etc., and how much will it cost? 3d. How much will a good pair of Indian clubs cost? 4th. How is my writing? ANSWERS. 1st. Woolen or silk webbing. 2d. Boxing and wrestling will cost you 50 cts. Fencing books are not published nowadays, except some antiquated works nearly useless. 3d. From $3 to $5, according to weight. 4th. Cramped and not good.

B. B. R., Buffalo, writes: "1st. I wish to go farming out West; how many acres do you think necessary for a good farm, and how much will it cost per acre? What State do you think best for farming? Where can I get a book on farming, and what will it cost? Is there any way that I can buy land without going there myself and not be taken in?" ANSWER. Your questions are complicated. You cannot learn farming from books alone, though books will improve every farmer. A real farmer needs a library of books on every crop he grows. A "quarter section," or 160 acres is the usual farm to be taken up on Government lands. We could not recommend any one State. New York is as good as any for dairy farms; Illinois and the West for wheat, etc., etc. If you try to buy land without experience to aid you, you will be cheated surely.

E. C. W., Port Jervis, N. Y., writes: "1st. Nearly four months ago I wrote to C. D. Haines in regard to establishing a lodge in this town. In reply I was told to send my (13) names, which I did, and have not heard from C. D. Haines since. What shall I do? 2d. I am 18 years of age, 5ft. 6in. tall and weigh 137 lbs. How am I proportioned? 3d. I practice three hours daily with dumb-bells, horizontal bar and walking. Is this too much exercise? 4th. Who is the author of the poem called "The Bells," and where can I obtain it? 5th. How is my writing? I have taken your paper ever since it commenced and think it 'immense.'" ANSWERS. 1st. Write again and inclose stamp for answer. You have made some mistake. 2d. You are stoutly built for your age. 3d. It depends on the amount of *heavy* gymnastics taken, not on the walking. 4th. There are dozens of poems on bells. We suppose you mean Edgar A. Poe's verses. They are the most celebrated. Get an edition of his works.

EMIL, Boston, asks: "What is the meaning of the word 'Phœnix?' 2d. What is the meaning of, and what kind of a word, in regard to nationality, is 'Republique?' 3d. What is the charge for a gun 12 bore and about 6 lbs. weight? 4th. What would you charge for inserting a dog's pedigree in your paper one time? 5th. What is the meaning of 'Bellerophon?'" ANSWERS. 1st. The Phœnix is a fabulous bird that lives a hundred years, builds a big fire, burns itself up and rises up again as good as new out of the ashes. Hence it is a favorite name for fire insurance companies. 2d. "Republique" is French for republic. 3d. Impossible to say. All the way from $10 up to $225. For our own part we should call such a gun too light for the bore. 4th. For twenty-five cents a line, nonpareil measurement. 5th. Bellerophon was the name of a Greek hero of mythology who caught Pegasus, the winged horse, and succeeded in bridling him. Afterward Bellerophon slew the monster Chimera.

J. H. C., Kingston, writes: "Would you be kind enough to inform me what the chances would be for a young man to enter the American navy? I have a good education, can furnish the best of references as to my social standing. I am a Canadian by birth, but an American at heart; and if you would be kind enough to inform me through the columns of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER how I could get admission to the navy I would feel greatly obliged to you. I am in a good position here, but would willingly throw it up if I thought I could get a position of almost any kind in your navy." ANSWER. There is no difficulty whatever in your entering the American navy. All you have to do is to go to Boston or New York, apply at the navy-yard and ship as a landsman. Of advancement you would have, however, very little chance, if any. If you are very young, the three years spent in the navy might do you good. We think it would certainly cure you of your passion for the service, for the American navy is a horrible place for a well-educated and sensitive boy unless he be an officer, which you can never hope to be. Our advice is to stick to your place, or you will regret it for life.

BILLY MAC asks: "1st. What is the true and original meaning of the words 'Handicap,' 'Lap' and 'Hurdle?' 2d. Where can I get a good book, but not very dear, on athletic sports, and books on the different departments of athletics. 3d. Can you tell me where one can hire good grounds for an athletic meeting, and where are some good practice grounds 4th. How is my writing, and grammar, and punctuation?" ANSWERS. 1st. 'Handicap' is a modern slang word with an obscure origin. It means a penalty put on one of a number of contestants to insure an even contest, such as pounds weight carried or yards start given. "Lap," as now used, means a completed turn of a course, probably from the verb "to lap" or "turn over." "Hurdle" is an old Anglo-Saxon word, meaning a bundle, bound together. A hurdle is made of rods woven or bound together. 2d. There is no one book which is good for much. The books on departments will cost you from fifty to seventy-five cents each. 3d. Jones's Wood and several other parks above it are as good as any around New York city and as cheap 4th. Your writing is legible, your grammar bad; or you would not put a verb in the singular as agreeing with three nominatives connected by "and."

G. F. H., West Philadelphia, writes: "Having seen the ready and unerring answers to your many correspondents, and being a reader of your paper, I write this morning to ask your opinion on something that troubles me not a little. I am a young man of 20 years of age; I am tall and very slender, not weighing over 140 pounds, and being six feet high. Now what I wish to know is, how may I gain more flesh? My friends often plague me about being so thin. I have been advised to drink porter; others say to drink milk. The former I do not think much of and the latter I have not tried. I would like to weigh about 160 or 165 pounds. I have a sound constitution, and am in perfect health. Will you be kind enough to answer? I will be guided solely by your decision. Is my writing suitable for a clerk?" ANSWER. You might better let well enough alone, take plenty of exercise and drink milk instead of tea and coffee. A milk diet contains all the constituents of a meat diet in a less concentrated form, but has more fat. There is no possible harm in drinking milk, whereas porter is decidedly deleterious in its after effects. Your weight will increase as you grow older. Don't let your friends tease you into doing anything extraordinary, for you may come to grief in the experiment. Use the Indian clubs twice a day five minutes at a time, or dumb-bells ten minutes, and drink milk at all meals. You will fatten up in a year to 150 pounds good flesh.

A. K. H., Philadelphia, asks: "1st. Can you please inform me how to make my legs supple, arms and in fact all of my body? What ointment? what kind of exercise particularly, and how often to take it, etc.? 2d. What do you think of the walking-match at Concert Hall here, whether it will be a farce or got up to make money solely, and what do you think of their styles of walking, time, etc.? I was there for two hours not long ago, and in that two hours Madame Brandon (who is the best looking of the three), only made about two and a half miles, and steady walking at that. What are their nationality? Are they married or not? 3d. Can you inform me where Mr. Wilson, the fencer and actor, is in Philadelphia—where is he employed—as you spoke about him last week? 4th. I wish you would publish in your paper how to walk, the motions of your body and arms, how to hold your head, etc., and also devote a column to gymnastics in general. Will you do it? 5th. Do you know where any good teacher in fencing is in Philadelphia besides Mr. Wilson? 6th. What do you think of my writing for 16 years?" ANSWERS. Light gymnastics, hand-springs, base-ball, running, jumping (long and high, with a run), pole-leaping, fencing and boxing, will supple the body and limbs without oils. Oils are only used to allay external irritation. Nature has provided a fluid called "joint oil," which increases with exercise. 2d. We must decline to express an opinion on your Philadelphia walks without personal observation. 3d. Mr. F. B. Wilson is at the Chestnut Street Theater. 4th. A series of articles on walking, running, etc., etc., will soon begin in our columns. 5th. There is none that we know of. There are only three in all the United States fit to be called teachers outside of West Point and Annapolis. These are Colonel Monstery and Professor Senac of New York, and Mr. Gerichten, of San Francisco. The last, like Wilson, is a pupil of Monstery. 6th. Your writing would be better if it were rounder and more upright.

MARVELS.

BY G. E. M.

Ye who have eyes and will not see, and you
Who hearken not to any voice that speaks
Through the vague night-time and the falling dew,
And through the rush of weary days and weeks;

You who are children of this age, yet are
As barks afloat upon a lonely sea;
Drifting along the pathway of a star
To some dark port where life is loath to be;

You who look backward to the past, and weep
That all the wonders of the earth and sky
Have faded like sweet visions in a sleep,
Leaving the clouded soul to pine and die:

To you I say: lo! ye are fools indeed,
Since ye behold not what is writ in fire,
Like passionate lovers, who still fear to read
The holy language of their hearts' desire.

Yet I who am your brother; I who tread
The same bright world, and through long golden days
Live out the measure of my life, and shed
Tears for lone men who grope in barren ways;

I feel like one who, from some radiant hight,
Beholds the unbroken sweep of flying years;
Yet in this mid-watch of the starry night
What are to me dead phantoms and dead fears?

For when I turn my wondering eyes to earth,
I find new meaning in men's lives, as though
The world were in the spring-time of its birth,
And love and faith in all their early glow.

When, too, I look above me, I perceive
Such miracles of light, and life, and power,
Such marvels of strange beauty, that I grieve
To live beyond this one wild, rapturous hour.

And when I look around me, still I see
Down the dark, hollow labyrinth of space,
An infinite universe whose gleams to me
Bring haunting thoughts of loveliness and grace.

Then with a wondrous melody of words,
The fervor and the passion of sweet song,
Sweet as the robin's or the mocking-bird's,
Breaks from my heart in music loud and long.

Pluck Wins;

OR,

The Story of Perseverance Boat-Club.

BY CAPT. FRED. WHITTAKER,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE CADET BUTTON," "LIFE OF CUSTER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

RAISING THE DEAD.

THE disappearance of Elmhurst in the water was the signal for general confusion. The crew of his boat, as by one consent, dropped their oars and jumped to the stern-sheets as if to try and save him from falling, but he was gone before they could get there.

As for Bullis and his companion, they did not stay to see what mischief they had done, but fled at once, the boys in the boat seeming too much stupefied to pursue them; and, had it not been for Dan Bluxome's sudden presence of mind, both might have got off undetected.

As it was, however, the school bully of South Neowasco faced the bully of the Academy before the latter could get away, and called out:

"I know you, Bullis. You look out for this. You've killed him."

"Ah! who cares!" retorted Bullis, savagely. "Get out of my way or you'll get another of the same sort."

Whether the threat would have deterred Bluxome is uncertain, had not the voice of Harriet Wentworth cried in piercing tones:

"Save him! He's drowning while you stand disputing."

Immediately, like a dog obeying its master's voice, Dan Bluxome turned away from Bullis and ran to the water-side, throwing off his upper clothes as he went. The two Academy boys pursued their way to the village at a run, talking in low tones of excitement to each other, for they began to fear they were in a scrape.

Meantime, Dan Bluxome came to the water's edge, and saw the crew of the gig leaning over the gunwale, all talking together, but no one doing anything.

"He'll come up in a minute. They always do," cried Joe Brown, excitedly. "Keep cool, boys."

"There he is!" exclaimed Sam, pointing.

"No, that's nothing," Tim put in.

But no one jumped overboard.

Danny cast one look at the scene. They were in a deep curve of the river just there, with some eight or nine feet of water in the eddy, and Elmhurst had already been down more than a minute.

"He's not coming up," muttered the boy to himself, and then he kicked off his shoes and plunged in, parting the water with a skill that showed him to be a good diver. The fact was, that Dan Bluxome was well known to be the best swimmer on the river around Neowasco.

Down he went into the dark water, which was still full of mud from the spring freshets, and almost impossible to be seen through. He had marked the spot where Elmhurst sunk, but he could not find it in the dark waters, and came up close to the boat, panting and unsuccessful.

"Throw me the end of the painter," he puffed; and Fritz Steiner, who seemed to be the only cool one in the boat, threw the end of the long bow-line overboard to Danny, who thereupon elevated his feet in the air, and disappeared a second time, carrying the end of the rope with him.

This time there was not so much difficulty, for no sooner had Dan's hand touched bottom than it closed by chance on the ankle of Elmhurst, who lay there motionless. The blow on the head had stunned the poor fellow and he had sunk like a stone. Bluxome had felt sure this would be the case when he saw Elmhurst go overboard, and felt little hope that his adversary of the day before could be alive.

Nevertheless, the singular boy had made up his mind to fish Elmhurst out to please Miss Wentworth, at the risk of his own life, and therefore he hung on to the ankle of the senseless body, pulled himself down to it, fastened on the rope, and then came to the top of the water, puffing out:

"Pull him up! He's all right."

In a moment, several willing hands were at work; and Elmhurst, pale, inanimate and limp, was pulled up and drawn into the boat, while Dan Bluxome swam and waded ashore to meet Harriet Wentworth.

The little school-teacher was very pale. All the dignity of her appearance in school had departed, as she faltered:

"Is he—is he dead?"

"Think so, ma'am," answered Danny, gravely.

Then Harriet burst into tears, and cried:

"And he was *so* brave, *so* handsome! Oh, Egmont!"

Danny stared at her in confusion. He had never suspected that she knew Elmhurst, but her exclamation revealed it plainly, and also revealed that she probably loved the handsome collegian.

The boy's countenance fell and he turned away his face to conceal a look of bitter disappointment that shot across it. In the meantime the four boys of Perseverance Club had brought their young leader to shore in the boat, and now laid him out on the beach.

"Get a barrel," cried Tim Rooney at this juncture. "D'ye want to l'ave the man die? Sure he's only drownded a bit. Get a barrel and rowl him in it."

"Mein Gott, vere ve gets a parrel?" asked Fritz helplessly.

"Get the water out of him, anyway," growled Danny in a fierce tone. "D'ye want to let the man die?"

And he stooped to seize the feet of the senseless boy, with the design of rolling him, according to old superstitions.

"Oh! Don't!" cried Harriet instinctively, as she saw them preparing for the old barbarous practice. "You'll hurt him!"

"We've got to git the water out of him, ma'am," explained Danny, apologetically. "They allers does it."

Harriet seemed to be only half convinced of that, but as she did not know what else to suggest, she drew back, when the sound of wheels became audible in the road coming toward them, and Joe Brown shouted: "Here's the doctor! Hooray!"

Then he started off like a madman to hail the advancing buggy of a tall, handsome young man, who was known throughout the village as Dr. Arthur, "the new doctor," to distinguish him from the "old doctor," who had been there for forty odd years.

"The new doctor was seen to pause a moment as Joe Brown came up, and then he drove on toward the bank at full speed. As he approached the party, Dan Bluxome had one leg of Elmhurst and Sam Young had the other, while they were beginning to roll him from side to side, head downward.

Dr. Arthur saw this, and uttered a cry of horror, as he dashed forward, sending Sam and Danny staggering back with a violent push.

"You stupid idiots!" roared the young doctor, angrily, "do you want to kill the boy at once? Out of the way!"

Then he knelt down, took hold of Elmhurst's wrist, listened at his heart a moment, pulled down one eyelid, looked gravely at him, and asked:

"How long was he in the water?"

"About five minutes—perhaps four."

It was Harriet Wentworth who answered, for the others seemed to be confused by the scolding of the doctor.

"All right," answered Dr. Arthur, briskly. "He's not a hopeless case yet by any manner of means, if he *is* dead. Here, one of you, help me with his arms. Get off his coat and vest, *quick!*"

In a moment this was done, and Dr. Arthur made a hard bundle of the two garments, which he rolled up and laid on the bank.

"Turn him on his face—so."

The order was obeyed by Dan Bluxome, who still seemed to be the only one with presence of mind, and he and Dr. Arthur turned Elmhurst's body over, resting the pit of its stomach on the hard bundle of clothes. Then the doctor knelt down, bestriding the body, and leaned all his weight on the back of the drowned boy, squeezing his stomach against the pillow. Instantly a little water, not more than a few spoonfuls, trickled from the open mouth of the senseless one.

"There," observed the doctor, springing up; "next time any of you gets drowned, the rest will know how to get the water out, such as there is. Remember that there's none in the lungs, and that none *can* get there by any possibility. Now, over again. Lay him on his back, with the bundle under the hollow of the spine. That's the way."

He looked so cheerful, and seemed to understand his business so thoroughly, that Harriet Wentworth brightened up.

They turned the drowned boy on his back, with his chest elevated and arched, and his head drawn back.

"Now, boys," observed the doctor, as if addressing a class; "here's our subject. We'll call him dead: that is, he doesn't breathe. What do we have to do to bring him to life again? why, make him breathe—that's all. The first thing is to open the air passages. Look here."

He fished out of his pocket an india-rubber band, then pulled out Elmhurst's tongue and snapped the band round his chin, so as to keep the tongue hanging outside the lower lip.

"There!" he said. "That will do. You see when the body lies on its back, the tongue falls over the windpipe, and stops the air going in and out. Now the passage is open. You, sir, kneel down at his head, take his two arms and hold them there, above his head. Do you understand?"

"Yes, doctor," replied Dan Bluxome, who was addressed; and then the boy who had been fighting with Egmont only the day before, knelt down above his old enemy and held the arms of the drowned one curved behind the head, while all watched with interest the doctor's operations. Dr. Arthur seemed to be in his element, for he was talking while he worked with the enthusiasm of a man of science.

"Now, Miss Wentworth," he said briskly, "you will observe what I do carefully, for this is the latest medical mode of treating drowned persons."

"Ah, doctor, please hurry," was the piteous response of Harriet, who was too anxious to think of science. "He'll die if you don't hurry."

"No, he won't," answered Dr. Arthur cheerfully. "He *can't* die. He's dead already, to all intents and purposes. We must bring him to life, that's all. We must put the breath in him. You see the windpipe is now open, so that the air can go into the lungs; the chest is arched out, so as to take the utmost room; and the arms are over the head to give still more space to the lungs. Now we must drive the air out, and let it in again at regular intervals. That's called 'artificial respiration.' See!"

He knelt down once more, astride of the lower part of Elmhurst's body, and threw all his weight on his two hands, bending in the short-ribs of the insensible boy; then suddenly sprung up again.

"There," he said, repeating the operation at regular intervals. "That's artificial respiration. Four times a minute to begin, press hard and slow, jump up promptly. Now watch him."

At regular intervals the young doctor threw all his weight on Elmhurst's lower ribs, the elastic bones yielding to the pressure, then springing up again. The watchers could see that the air entered and left the open mouth, but that was all. No sign of life appeared in the white face for at least ten minutes.

"Oh, doctor, he's dead! he's dead!" sobbed the little school-teacher at last. "It's no use trying."

"Stop your noise," replied the young physician, speaking for the first time in a snappish tone. "Do you think I don't know my business? Look!"

As he spoke, he suspended operations and pointed at Elmhurst's face. One of the eyelids of the drowned youth was twitching slightly.

"Now then, we'll see," said the doctor sharply. "Now! Now! Now! Now!"

At each word he pressed heavily on the ribs of the unconscious man, springing up again in a succession of sharp jerks, and watching the pale countenance narrowly.

Presently the features moved in an expression of intense pain, and Elmhurst drew in his breath of his own accord with a long, shuddering, gasping cry, horrible to hear. The boys were stricken with awe, and Harriet uttered a faint shriek, burying her face in her hands; but Dr. Arthur sprung up with a laugh, saying:

"I told you so, boys; he's worth ten dead men yet. One of you bring me my black box, quick."

As he spoke, he took one of Elmhurst's hands from Dan Bluxome, and began to slap it vigorously, Dan following his example.

Elmhurst, after his first gasp, began to breathe more naturally, but the expression of his face was still full of pain. Presently he tried to pull away his hand with a faint, peevish "Don't."

"Drop it! He'll do now," pronounced the doctor. "Now, gentlemen, we must carry this young man home as quick as possible, and get him into bed. I'll give him a little whisky in the meantime to warm him. Give me my box."

CHAPTER XI.

SCANDAL.

THAT evening there was considerable excitement in the whole township of Neowasco. The Academy boys at the Springs had heard about the fight and Bullis's mean revenge, while the village boys were all agog over the fact that Dan Bluxome had saved the life of "the young squire," and that "the schoolmarm" had been taken sick, and had to be driven home by Dr. Arthur.

"That Bullis will be hung, I'm afraid, or at least sent to State's Prison," remarked Nelly Winters sagely to her sister.

"So he ought," replied Miss Polly in a judicial manner and with much severity. "Those Academy boys want taking down a peg or two."

"For my part, I don't see what harm's done," interrupted Susy Pearson with her usual pertness. "That Elmhurst ain't hurt a bit, they say. Anyway, he's walking about the streets to-night as well as ever, except he's got a black patch on his forehead."

"But he might have been killed," said Nelly in a tone of pious horror.

"Not he. He's too smart," rejoined Susy, sneering.

"There's Miss Wentworth coming. Let's ask her," cried Polly Winters, as the trim figure of the little school-teacher was seen coming up the street.

"Why, Miss Wentworth! My lands! We heard you was ever so sick about Mr. Elmhurst's accident," began Susy glibly, with all the malice of a sixteen-year-old scholar trying to pick holes in a teacher of eighteen.

"Why, they told us you was faintin' away and cryin' over him and ever so much—"

"You see I am well," coldly interrupted Harriet, her pale face looking straight at Susy. "You should learn not to spread stories about people, unless you're sure they're true, Susy Pearson."

"Is it true he was drowned?" timidly asked Nelly.

"Yes. He was drowned, and might have stayed there if it had not been for poor Dan Bluxome, whom he had fought with only the day before. Danny saved his life, and I hope you girls will remember it in his favor."

The schoolmistress turned away to pursue her walk, when Susy Pearson followed her with:

"Oh, my! Miss Wentworth; I'd almost forgot. You know we had a meeting last night, and appointed a ladies' committee, with you for president, to go round and get subscriptions for the race-boat. Don't you want to say when we shall meet?"

"I don't know," answered Harriet, coldly; for she felt that the meeting was a mere pretext to excuse Susy's curiosity. "I hardly think I care to serve. This accident has frightened me about the water."

"Mr. Elmhurst's going to be secretary," maliciously interposed Susy. "You'd better come."

"In that case I shall *not* serve," quietly replied the teacher, and she swept past them up the street, with a color a little higher than usual.

Susy Pearson waited not till she was quite out of hearing before she began to giggle.

"Girls, I'll bet the schoolma'am's spooney on Eggy Elmhurst; you see if I ain't right."

"For shame!" retorted Polly Winters, indignantly. "If she *is*, it don't become you to tell it all around the village, Suse Pearson."

"Oh, I wouldn't say it *before folks*," rejoined Susy. "You ain't strangers; but we won't let the boys know. Here comes one of 'em now."

It was Fritz Steiner, trotting along at a round pace, and as he came up, he said:

"Ve vas hafe another meeding, ladies, to-night, at Sam Young's barn. You comes—hey?"

"What's it all about?" asked Susy.

"Ve vas hafe a meeding to see 'pout let Bluxome into das club," answered the Dutch boy. "He vas turn out pully yellow. You comes?"

"Oh, yes, we'll come; but where's Mr. Elmhurst, and how is he?" asked Nelly, anxiously.

"Oh, he vas all recht. You don't nefer see him to-night all de viles?"

"No, where is he?"

"Fy, dere he coom now," answered Fritz, as Elmhurst approached, looking a little pale, but otherwise the same as ever.

Immediately Susy rushed at him, taking advantage of the morning's accident, and besieged him with questions; in the midst of which, who should come down the street, as coolly as if nothing had happened, but Bullis, Van Pelt and a crowd of the Academy boys, all carrying sticks, and swaggering along as if they owned the village, while a tail of boys was gathering behind them!

The girls knew what was coming and shrunk back into a neighboring doorway, but Bullis and his crowd swaggered past Elmhurst, all looking defiantly at him and swinging their sticks.

Had "the young Squire" been hot-tempered, he might have been the center of a very respectable riot that night, for the village boys were swarming down at the sight of their insolent enemies, and the excitement was great. As it was, he had hard work to keep from breaking out, when Bullis gave his stick a twirl and observed to Van Pelt:

"Hem! Van, how I did lick that feller to-day. He went overboard like a shot."

Elmhurst turned white, and his eyes glowed with anger; but he made no reply.

Then there was a shout from the street behind the Academy boys, and another in front, and instantly the place seemed full of village boys, who came pouring out of the houses, over fences and round corners, carrying sticks and stones.

A dead silence fell on the scene, which was interrupted by the voice of Dan Bluxome:

"Sail into them, boys! Give the 'Cademy fellers all they want."

Then Bullis and his friends saw that they had made a mistake, for there were only about twenty in their party, and at least a hundred village boys were round them.

Once again the coolness of Elmhurst prevented a fight, for he turned round and raised his hand:

"Leave them alone. The boy that touches them is no friend of mine. Let them pass on."

"We'll pass on anyhow," answered Bullis through his set teeth. "I can lick you any day, Elmhurst."

There was no denying that Bullis was clear grit all through; for he faced the gathering crowd, when all round him looked pale and trembled.

But Elmhurst was quick to reply to his taunt.

"You can hit me with a stone when I'm not looking, and you can drown me when I'm stunned," retorted the young man in a bitterly sarcastic tone; "but you can't stand up to me in fair fight to save your life."

"Can't I?" asked Bullis angrily, and in a moment down went his coat and vest on the sidewalk, and he began to square off.

But this was too much for the patience of the village boys, Bluxome included.

"Are you going to stand this, fellers?" shouted Bluxome, and in a moment the village boys closed on the Academy boys with a rush, driving them up the street in confusion, while Egmont Elmhurst found himself left all alone.

He smiled a little bitterly as he looked at the retreating mob. The fact was that he felt very weak and sick since his morning's adventure, the stone having stunned him, and his drowning having shaken him up; and he was mortified at his own weakness. He felt that Bullis's boast was true that night, if no other time, and it galled him inexpressibly to have some one else fight his battles for him.

He turned down a side street to get out of reach of the clamor, and the first person he met was the little schoolmistress.

Egmont lifted his hat very respectfully and bowed low. He had not seen the lady in the morning, or had not noticed her if he had, on account of his confusion of senses. Now, however, he came on Harriet so closely that he could not avoid recognizing her, and, as he did so, it was plain that she did the same.

She colored deeply and bowed, and so did he. Then he said in a low voice:

"Harriet—Miss Wentworth—can you not forgive me yet?"

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGING CAPTAINS.

HARRIET WENTWORTH looked at Egmont for a moment, with a strange glance. It appeared that they had met before that day.

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr.—Mr.— I beg your pardon, but I have forgotten *the name by which I used to know you.*" She spoke with bitter sarcasm.

Egmont flushed scarlet this time. It was evident not only that he had met Harriet before, but that he had done something of which he was ashamed in those times, even to taking another name.

"My real name is Egmont Elmhurst," he replied.

"I thought it was something else once," she retorted, with a cold smile. "When I was at the Normal College, and you used to send me notes, they were signed with another name."

"I know it, Harriet. I was—"

"I am *Harriet* to my *friends*, Mr. Elmhurst," she interrupted, still more freezingly.

"Miss Wentworth, I conjure you, do not be relentless," he urged. "I had no excuse for hiding my name, but I had for the notes—"

"Sir!" cried the little lady, drawing herself up.

"Yes," he pursued, earnestly; "I had, for I loved you, I love you still, I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" asked Harriet, coldly.

"Try me and see."

"Then let me see no more of *you*, sir, till I have also seen your *mother and sister.*"

And with this meaning speech, meaningly delivered, Harriet Wentworth passed by, leaving the elegant Elmhurst alone and decidedly crestfallen.

Their history was simple and the short conversation had already revealed it. When Harriet had been a gay, mischief-loving student at the Normal College, Egmont had been a student, and—boy and girl like—they had flirted from a distance, exchanged notes and fallen in love, neither knowing who the other was. There are many such foolish cases in this world, and as usual it ended badly, for Egmont—boy like—had assumed a name different from his own, and some of their notes were discovered by Squire Elmhurst. The result was that Egmont was sent away to Europe, that Harriet found out how he had deceived her, and that from a gay girl she all at once became a bitter, sarcastic woman. It made her a better teacher perhaps, but she was far from happy when she came to Neowasco, and the sight of Elmhurst had roused up all her bitter feelings.

She felt all the more angry toward him because she knew that she loved him and had let her secret slip unawares; but she felt resolved that she would see and speak to him no more till his family had recognized her fully, for Harriet was a proud little creature; all the prouder that she was poor.

As for Elmhurst, he pursued his way thoughtfully along the street, thinking over the situation, and had forgotten all about South Neowasco and its affairs, when his attention was attracted by the distant clamor of voices, which he soon recognized as the village boys coming back from their conflict with Bullis and the "Academy fellows."

Back they came now, streaming along, headed by Dan Bluxome in all his glory, surrounded by admirers and bragging over his victory. The whole crowd swept past Elmhurst, hardly noticing him in the dusk of the evening, and entered Sam Young's barn, where Sam immediately sprung on a barrel and shouted:

"All you fellers that wants Dan Bluxome into the crew of Perseverance Boat Club, say Aye."

Immediately there was a general shout of "Aye" and a number of boys crowded round Danny, shaking hands and congratulating him.

Then Joe Brown got up and said:

"I'll give up my place, anyhow, boys, to Dan. I ain't built for rowing, and he is. We'll beat the 'Cademy boys yet."

"You just bet we will," answered Danny himself, in a tone of elation.

Master Bluxome was full of pride and gratified vanity that evening. He had been praised so much and so loudly for saving Egmont's life in the morning that he had begun to look on himself as a positive hero, and had outgrown all his mortification at the defeat of the day before.

Elmhurst listened to the voices and beheld his own influence on the wane. Fortune or misfortune, he had sustained a defeat himself that day, and though he did not like Danny, he felt constrained to own that Bluxome had treated him well. Danny might have let him drown, he remembered.

He had not seen Bluxome since the morning, and now he knew that it was expected of him to do the handsome thing by his savior. Several boys were looking at him, though no one had spoken yet, and Egmont came forward into the midst of them, addressing Danny:

"Bluxome," he said, "I think I was hasty yesterday in quarreling with you. At all events you have got the best of me to-day. Will you shake hands?"

Dan Bluxome looked at the well-dressed, aristocratic-looking youth in silence. Had Elmhurst looked a little sick at that moment, Dan would have forgiven him; but as it was he had a sort of smile on his face that looked—to Dan—like a patronizing air. At all events the red-headed boy drew back and folded his arms.

"What I did for you to-day I did to please a lady—not *you*," he responded. "You got me foul yesterday by a trick, and we're square. I owe you nothing; but you and I don't row in the same boat. That's all."

Instantly there was a hush in the barn, for all the boys seemed to realize that something serious was coming.

Elmhurst's voice trembled slightly as he said:

"I don't want to row in your boat, I assure you. I will resign my position as captain at once if you wish it, so that you may take it."

Danny gave a contemptuous half-grunt.

"I'll believe it when I see it."

Elmhurst colored high.

"You *shall* see it at once," he retorted; then turning to the crowd he cried: "Bear me witness, I am no longer captain of Perseverance Boat Club. Good-evening."

Without another word he stalked out of the barn, and a buzz of excitement arose among the boys.

"What will we do without him?" groaned Tim Rooney and Fritz Steiner echoed the question.

Then Dan Bluxome put his hand on the shoulder of Sam Young and cried aloud:

"Now, boys, we'll depend on ourselves, and if we beat the 'Cademy fellers, it's no thanks to that stuck-up Elmhurst."

"Put ve don't vas peat dem yet," sighed Fritz, "unt ve don't vas goin' to peat dem shust now."

"Ye may say that," assented Tim, in an undertone. "The club's gone up now, sure."

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN No. 18.

NOBODY'S SONG.

I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own.
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I sprung,
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning, Nobody
To me was tender and dear,
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
And Nobody ever was near;
I was petted and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me up,
And when I was hungry, Nobody
Gave me to dine and to sup.

I went to school to Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read;
I played in the street with Nobody,
And to Nobody ever gave heed;
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart it clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn.
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And dearly I love Nobody,
For Nobody is my wife;
So here's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's made me a loan,
And I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own.—*Figaro.*

Bonfire Beach.

The Sea-Elephants of Kerguelen's Land.

BY W. H. MACY.

THE great Island of Kerguelen, in the high latitudes of the Indian Ocean, more commonly called by the appropriate name "Desolation," has for nearly half a century past been visited by adventurous mariners from New London and other whaling ports who have hunted leviathan in the adjacent seas, and slaughtered the amphibious phocæ on its sterile shores.

The eastern coast of this island is comparatively easy of access, and affords well-sheltered harbors, where vessels may ride in perfect safety at all seasons of the year. But the seals and sea-elephants have been nearly exterminated on that side; and the comparatively small remnant of them have been driven to localities where all the resources of human art are hardly sufficient to reach them. These animals are exceedingly timid and wary; and as they multiply but slowly, a few seasons suffice to "work out" a beach where the stock may appear, at the time of its first discovery, to be inexhaustible.

The scene of our story lies on the western, or "weather" coast of Desolation, where a slight indentation, or bight, is laid down on the more modern charts as "Bonfire Beach." We speak of a period when this shore of the island was, for the most part, a sealed book, even to enterprising navigators.

Captain Joe Berkely, one of the most experienced of English sealers, who had made several successful voyages to Patagonia and the Crozettes, was then in command of the stanch, fast-sailing brigantine, Cœur de Lion, fitted out at Cape Town for a short cruise "on Desolation." Not finding the sea-elephants in sufficient numbers at their old haunts, he pushed on, doubled the south side of the island, and proceeded to explore for new hunting grounds. He trusted to the good qualities of his vessel, and to slants of weather, to enable him to "work a beach," even on an iron-bound lee-shore. Success was not to be obtained without incurring some risk; but a good "cut" or two, where the animals were numerous and undisturbed, would fill his brig and send him home to Cape Colony with flying colors.

He found himself one wet, misty morning much nearer the land than was desirable under the circumstances; for the roar of the breakers was distinctly heard; while the shore on which they dashed was hidden from view, and the lead gave no soundings. The wind had died away during the night; and his little vessel lay tossing and wallowing in the tumbling sea, which scarcely ever goes down in this part of the ocean.

With hardly steerage-way on her, and the sound of the rollers each moment more and more startling, as she evidently drifted inshore, it was not to be wondered at that Berkely became anxious and fidgety. He had already given orders to have the anchors clear for letting go, in case of shoaling his water, as the only salvation from shipwreck.

But a sudden gust off the land filled his sails, and he had hardly time to trim the yards to it when the "woolly," as it is called, came howling down from the mountains, sweeping the mist like a scroll before it, and careening the brig to her bearings.

"All right!" roared the captain, with his mind relieved of a burden of anxiety. "We'll make an offing this time, at any rate. But it's none too soon, for another hour's drift would have laid our bones in an ugly place. What are those on the rocks? Give me the glass; quick!"

The captain paused not to admire the rugged sublimity of the scenery revealed by the lifting of the fog; but sweeping his telescope along the base of the cliffs, his eye dilated with professional pride, as he shouted:

"*There's* our voyage, right in that bight! Elephants enough to fill the Cœur de Lion chock to her deck-beams! We might skin out a cargo there in a short time; but the next thing is, can we get it off?"

"There's no landing for a boat, sir," said his mate.

"That's true. No boat can be landed there now; though it may be done in some spells of weather, I have no doubt. But if we can obtain footing ashore and get the blubber, we might string it, and haul it off in rafts—by anchoring a boat outside the roller."

"I think it's possible to land in that little cove to leeward of this high bluff," interposed Curran, the second officer, who had also shipped as

"beach header," or commander of the shore parties. "If so, we'll find a way to climb over the rocks, and come down among them. Just put me ashore, sir, with two men, and come back here in a month."

"I will, if I can find a landing place. Pick your men, and get your traps ready."

It was a common practice with sealers to put one, two, or more men ashore at any place where there was a prospect of successful hunting, and to pass on to other stations, leaving them on shore, sometimes, for several weeks. In this way, a cargo was frequently picked up.

No time was lost in preparation, for the weather would not admit of delay. It was found that the swell was not very heavy in the little cove already spoken of. With some difficulty, a boat wormed her way in among the mazes of the "kelp," sufficiently near the rocks to put the three men ashore, with a small stock of provisions, and a coil of slender rope. This, with a change of clothing, and the necessary weapons for killing and skinning the sea-elephants, was sufficient outfit for Curran and his brother-adventurers. They were old hands at the business, and accustomed to rely upon their own resources.

After a toilsome struggle, they succeeded in climbing the rocky barrier, and prepared, by means of the rope, to lower themselves and their effects down the other side—where the descent was too precipitous to be made in any other manner.

"We can all go down by the rope," said Shepard, the elder of the two subordinates, "but we can never get up again without help from above."

"Never mind that," said Curran. "I can't believe that this beach is surf-bound all the time. There'll be slants of weather that boats can land. If not, the blubber must be rafted off; and then they can land in the cove, and haul us up the cliff again. The elephants *must* be killed, at any rate."

Another glance at the animals below, and they no longer hesitated. The descent was accomplished with little difficulty; and all three soon stood in safety on the beach below.

It was true, as they had supposed, that there was no escape for them by going back the way they had come, unless by having help from above.

The place where they now stood was a segment of which the roaring surf formed the chord, while natural bulwarks of eternal rock towered above their heads all around the arc.

Yet to those familiar with the character and mode of life of this class of mariners, it will not appear strange that, with the great object of their voyage in full view, they should thus turn their backs upon their vessel, and take the risk. They form a class akin to the whaleman, whose motto is, when his prey is in sight, "Go on, and trust to Providence to get off again."

And especially is this the case, where a young, ambitious subordinate, far removed from the eye of the commanding officer, is called upon to use his own judgment for the good of the voyage.

Feeling his reputation for personal courage at stake, he generally errs on the side of rashness, rather than incur the imputation of over-cautiousness.

For here were the great beasts which they had come to seek and slaughter, swarming by hundreds on the sterile shore. Heretofore undisturbed, it was only necessary for our hunters to use a little caution to secure a good season's work in this spot. Unconscious of danger, the animals merely raised their heads and stared at the intruders, rather with astonishment than fear.

Curran fired his gun, as the signal previously agreed upon to inform those on board that he and his comrades had safely effected a lodgment in the promised land. With an answering flap of her bunting, the Cœur de Lion put her helm up, and stood off-shore to seek other localities where she might land more men.

Very little driftwood could be procured; but a few pieces sufficed for the framework of a shanty large enough to shelter three men. Several sea-elephant hides stretched over it made it water-proof, and a banking up round it of "tussocks" or turf, which was to be found a little inland, near the base of the cliffs, secured sufficient warmth for a summer residence.

There was no scarcity of water; for a cool stream flowed down from a fissure in the rocky wall, forming a dashing little cascade, which had been seen and noted before landing. Provisions were in abundance, such as our hardy hunters could live upon.

The king-penguins, whose name was legion, furnished eggs for the trouble of picking them up from the ground. At a pinch, their flesh could also be depended upon; while every voyager to these regions can attest how dainty a morsel is the sea-elephant's tongue. The animals were thus made to supply shelter, food, and fuel, as well as furnish part of the brig's cargo.

The sea-elephant, or "elephant," as it is familiarly called by the hunters, is the largest animal of the seal family. It is destroyed solely for its oil, the skin being of no value. The name seems to be derived from the peculiar formation of its nose, or, to speak more properly, its upper lip. This, in the larger specimens, overhangs a little, and may be somewhat elongated at will into a sort of proboscis.

This animal has no tusk projecting externally, and is by no means to be confounded with the sea-lion or walrus, which is peculiar to high northern latitudes, and to which it bears little resemblance. It is probably the largest of the mammalia, if we except the animals of the order cetaceæ, or whales.

The male of the sea-elephants is much larger than the female. The hunters distinguish the sexes by the terms "bull" and "cow;" while, by a strange misnomer, the progeny of the two is always a "pup." You never hear of a "calf" elephant.

The fat, or blubber, for which they are hunted is sometimes six or seven inches thick on the back, a large specimen often yielding from four to six barrels of oil. But it is only at particular seasons, and during short periods, that animals, of this size are to be taken. As the average yield of the cows is less than one barrel, an idea may be formed of the amount of labor required to make up a cargo for a large vessel.

Very few of them are taken during the winter; but at the season of parturition, which begins at the end of August, and extends through September, the females come up from the sea, or, to use the professional word, "haul" in vast numbers. They remain on the beach until the young are strong enough to accompany them to sea. At this season they form in "pods," or herds; and each herd will have one or two patriarchal bulls.

The cows, at this time, are easily slaughtered with the lance, and, if killed early in the "pupping season," so termed, are in fine condition.

"Young bull season" follows in November and December. Only the males come on shore at this time, and these not of the largest class. Bulls of considerable size are, however, to be met with, and so on down to the little ones which had gone to sea at early spring, and which seem now to have been abandoned by their mothers.

Unlike the fur and hair seal, the elephant is rarely, almost never, seen at any considerable distance from the land. It vanishes when it leaves the beach. At the regular season for its return, it reappears in the rollers, and, if undisturbed, makes directly for the shore.

The time when our three men landed, in the month of January, is known as "brown cow season," or "shedding season." The females which took to sea in September, now sleek and fat, return in swarms to the land.

They do not "pod" on the beach, as at the time of parturition; but make their way inland among the turf-knolls, and are found even up to the base of the cliffs, or central ridge.

They remain on shore, if undisturbed, for several weeks, living, as it were, on their own fat. During this time, they shed the short hair from their hides, and become gradually lank and lean. On their return to the ocean they present a snaky, ludicrous appearance, being spoken of by the expressive term, "slim-skins." At this time they are hardly worth killing—the yield of oil being comparatively nothing.

During "March bull season," which really begins in February, the old males, some of immense size, make their appearance. These are formidable animals to encounter, and are usually killed by a bullet in the brain.

Unwieldy as this animal appears, he can move on a firm beach as fast as a man moderately running. He pulls himself forward on his belly with a jerking movement of his powerful flippers, leaving a broad "wake" in the sand, not unlike that of a side-wheel steamer in the sea. When attacked, he instinctively turns seaward; and, if not quickly weakened by mortal wounds, often escapes into the surf, and is seen no more.

Sometimes, when he is only wounded, and too far inland to escape by sea, he turns upon his assailant with an agility and ferocity by no means contemptible. But speaking generally, the sea-elephant cannot be called a dangerous animal.

Our adventurers commenced operations, as soon as their shelter was finished; and by wary management, killing no more each day than they could skin and secure, made the business profitable, without frightening the beasts away from their favorite haunts.

The skinning process occupies considerable time, as it is necessary first to take off the hide, and then to flense off the blubber, cutting it into convenient pieces for transportation. A hole being slit in each piece as it is thrown off, a stout pole is slipped through a number of them, and thus the load is borne on the shoulders of two men. The carcass and hide are left as worthless.

The labor was severe, as all the blubber had to be collected in heaps at the most eligible point for rafting it off, when the brig should return. It might remain thus for a month, or even two months, and still be in fair condition; though, of course, always depreciating, as the oil gradually escaped from it.

It is usual to land casks, wherever it is practicable to do so, and the blubber being packed into them, may remain a whole season before being boiled—if necessary. Thus the oil which escapes is all saved; and the casks may be rafted off through the breakers, at any time when the weather will permit.

A beach where these animals have been numerous, and which has been "worked" two or three seasons, is, of course, thickly strewn with bones and carcasses in every stage of decomposition. But little or no unpleasant effect is observed from this fact. In a climate so cool, with strong winds prevailing, the air preserves its purity, and no sense is affected but that of sight.

Thus isolated, shut in from communication with the outer world, like Sinbad in the valley of diamonds, Curran and his two comrades toiled on industriously for a month. By this time the heaps of skinned blubber had grown to such a size that, even if the brig had met with little success elsewhere, the voyage would be a sure thing—provided the spoil could be got off.

But they were less sanguine in this particular than when they commenced work. Although veteran sailors, this was their first experience on the weather coast of Desolation. And they had observed that during all this time, the winds prevailing on shore, there had only been two or three days when it was possible to beach a boat, or tow casks in, and land them in good condition.

"If we ever save our treasure," said Curran, "it will only be by rafting it in strings and hauling it off through the breakers, with the boats anchored outside. We've enough now to fill the brig, and it's useless to kill any more. These heaps, if they could be saved now, would boil out a thousand barrels, safe enough. We might get another thousand, I suppose, if we wanted it; for it's about time now for the first March bulls to begin to *haul*."

The days passed on, and the brig came not. There was nothing for the three men to do, but to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and to wait with what patience they might.

The great March bulls, the very kings of the *phocæ*, hauled; and again went to sea unmolested; the myriads of penguins croaked monotonously, night and day, in their rookery at the base of the mountains; the sea-birds wheeled and screamed overhead. Thus day after day wore away, till the month had lengthened into two; and still the anxious glances directed seaward failed to discover the missing brig.

Meanwhile, Captain Berkely, having met with fair success at another point further south, had the misfortune to lose his topmasts in a gale, and was unable in his crippled condition to return at the time appointed. It would have been highly dangerous to remain on the weather coast; and no alternative was left him but to run down under the lee of the island, and make a harbor. At the nearest available anchorage he repaired his damages, and again put to sea.

It was already late in March, and Curran had begun seriously to estimate his probable chances of life and death, if forced to winter in this desolate spot. The brig must have met with some accident, or failed to find the place again.

Its position, of course, was not laid down on the charts of that day, nor, from the state of the weather, had it been determined by observations. But Captain Joe Berkely was not the man to neglect noting landmarks, or to give up the search lightly, especially where the lives of his men were concerned.

"The Cœur de Lion must be lost," said Curran to his two subordinates, as they stood together on the rocks, toward the close of a raw, windy day, when the surf was rolling in heavily at their feet. "I can't help thinking the old man would have found us, if she were still afloat."

"What do you think of our chance, wintering here?" asked Shepard, with a look evincing the anxiety of his mind.

"Desperate," returned the officer. "We might stand the weather, perhaps. We might even find grub enough, such as 'tis. But without vegetables of any sort, and, worse yet, without employment for our minds, almost without hope, the chances are that scurvy would finish us all before spring."

"Do you think there is any other vessel cruising this side the island?"

"No, I don't. Even if any other one has ventured round here, she has left before this date, and gone into winter quarters at Three Island Harbor, on the lee side. But we mustn't despair. We'll make out our log for the winter, and begin to-morrow morning to get ready for the change of season. We'll do all we can think of to preserve our lives, and leave the rest to Providence."

The younger seaman, who had stood a silent but deeply interested listener to this colloquy, now stretched his hand suddenly to seaward, in the direction of the weather point, while his face lighted up with excitement.

"Look!" he shouted. "There's the brig!"

His cry of delight was echoed by the other two; for there, sure enough, was the Cœur de Lion, under easy canvas, running in for the land.

"I knew Joe Berkely would never leave a shipmate to starve here, if he had a vessel under him!" said the leader.

"But what can he do, if this weather stands? He can't land a boat here, nor even in the little cove, to-day."

"No, that he can't. If he could, they might haul us up the cliff where we came down. But he is luffing now—and there's a signal going up."

"What does that mean?" asked Shepard.

"It means," said Curran, referring to a written paper in his pocket, "that he will take us off to-night if he can. That we are to abandon the blubber, and look only to our own escape."

"To abandon the blubber, did you say?"

"Of course. He doesn't dare to delay an hour; and it couldn't be got off to-night, anyhow. He thinks only of saving us, and making an offing to-night."

"But I don't see yet how he is to get us off to-night. He can't beach a boat; and there is no anchorage for the vessel, unless he comes very near the land, which he will hardly dare do, with the wind as it is."

"But a boat can anchor outside the roller; and veer away a line with a float. If we can once get the end of that line on the beach, why then—"

"Then what?"

"We must bind it to our bodies, and let them haul us out through the surf. It's our only chance."

Shepard ruminated a moment in silence.

"The chance is a good one," he said, "if we can keep clear of the kelp. But it's coming dark very soon, and how are they to see where to drop their grapnel? We must get a light, to make each other understand any signals."

"We'll build a bonfire," said Curran. "There's fuel enough!"

And he pointed to the immense heaps of mellow blubber, from which the oil, forced out by the pressure of the upper strata, had already formed little rivulets and shining pools, in the inequalities of the rocks.

"No attempt will be made to save it; and it matters little whether we destroy it by our own act, or leave it to run out into the ground."

As the wind was not blowing directly into the bight, but rather from north-west, Berkely ventured within less than a mile of the land; and then, heaving to on the starboard tack, lowered his boat, and took charge of her himself.

It was by this time nearly dark; and, as the boat dropped clear of the brig's counter, the signal-lantern went up at her gaff.

"He shows his light," said Curran. "But we can answer him, and outdo him, in that line. Keep the run of his signals, while I make a blaze."

A few splinters of wood to start with; and presently the fire caught the pools of oil, and, fanned by the fresh breeze, one of the piles was soon ablaze, and shed a strong light upon the sea, guiding the approaching boat into the best channel between the patches of kelp.

Still another and another pile was kindled, till the cloud of black smoke enveloped all the leeward quarter of the horizon in its pall; and as the flames grew fiercer, the whole view to seaward was illuminated.

When the boat dropped her anchor, at just a safe distance beyond the influence of the roller, the commanding figure of Captain Berkely could be plainly seen, and all the movements of his crew were revealed with a minuteness of detail equal to the effect of daylight. And far in the background, the reefed topsail of the brig, thrown aback, looked ghostlike in the gloom.

Eager eyes watched the dancing buoy that told where the line was being veered away from the tub in the boat; and ere long it was dashed ashore at the feet of those who were to risk their lives upon its strength.

It was a critical moment when the three stout-hearted seamen, securely bound to the line, shook each other by the hand, and committed themselves to the mercy of Heaven, and the eager arms of their sympathizing friends, who sat braced for a quick and vigorous pull.

All was arranged by pantomimic gestures, easily seen in the glare of the fierce firelight; and Curran, watching the most favorable moment, gave the final signal. Together they plunged in; and exerting their own efforts in aid of the powerful strain on the line, they were drawn through, and lifted into the boat, more dead than alive, for the moment.

The struggle had been a fearful one, but they were saved.

Fiercely blazed the bonfire, long after the Cœur de Lion had filled away on her course—throwing out in bold relief the dark walls of sterile rock in the background, and diffusing a lurid light over the wildly raging sea. The scene was one of terrific grandeur and sublimity—never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

And the circumstances here narrated have given a name to the locality, which will, doubtless, be known as "Bonfire Beach" for all time to come.

Sports & Pastimes.

Pacific Slope.

THE advance of base-ball on the Pacific coast is well seen in the following scores. The first is that of the first match ever played on the Pacific coast. It was played at the corner of 17th and Bryant streets, San Francisco, February 22d, 1860, between the Eagles (then known as the San Francisco Club), and the Red Rovers. The ball used was made by Mr. J. L. Durkee, and was presented by him to the Eagle Club of New York in 1868. Of the participants in this match only two are now connected with base-ball; they are J. L. Durkee and J. M. Fisher of the Eagle Club. At the conclusion of the ninth inning the game was a tie; the Red Rovers refused to continue it, as they objected to the pitching of the Eagle's pitcher. The umpire awarded it to the Eagles.

This score was then:

Eagle	3	6	3	3	3	0	3	3	9—33
Red Rover	3	4	4	1	13	1	2	4	1—33

Scorers—J. Hall and Charles Allen. Umpire—M. McCloskey.

This year the same Eagles played the Stars in the same game in which poor Depangher was so badly hurt, and the score stood:

Star	2	1	1	0	0	5	0	0	0—9
Eagle	0	0	1	0	4	0	0	0	0—5

Earned runs—Brown, Crawford and McDonald. Two base hits—Brown, McCloskey, Crawford and Clarkson. First base on error—Star, 7; Eagle 3. First base on balls—Star, 1. Struck out—Star, 4; Eagle, 9. Left on bases—Star, 3; Eagle, 5. Wild pitches—Crawford, 2; Buckingham, 1; McCloskey, 1. Passed balls—Depangher, 2; McCloskey, 2; Fitzgerald, 2. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes. Scorers—Thomas Casey and Arthur Donnelly. Umpire—John Cadogan.

This looks different from the old times. The runs don't mount so fast, but the play—ah! there's the change.

The Californian Amateur Base-Ball Association, consisting of the Franklin, Silver Star, Buckeye, Comanche, Union (of Union Iron Works), and Union (Red Stockings), have adopted the following schedule of games: April 6th, Silver Star vs. Buckeye; 13th, Union Reds vs. Comanche; 20th, Union Iron Works vs. Silver Star; 27th Franklin vs. Buckeye. May 4th, Union Reds vs. Franklin; 11th, Union Iron Works vs. Buckeye; 18th, Silver Star vs. Comanche; 25th, Union Reds vs. Silver Star; June 1st, Union Iron Works vs. Franklin; 8th, Comanche vs. Buckeye; 15th, Silver Star vs. Franklin; 22d, Union Reds vs. Buckeye; 29th, Union Iron Works vs. Comanche. July 6th, Union Reds vs. Union Iron Works; 13th, Franklin vs. Comanche; 20th, Silver Star vs. Buckeye; 27th, Union Reds vs. Comanche. August 3d, Union Iron Works vs. Silver Star; 10th, Franklin vs. Buckeye; 17th, Union Reds vs. Franklin; 24th, Union Iron Works vs. Buckeye; 31st, Silver Star vs. Comanche. September 7th, Union Reds vs. Silver Star; 14th, Union Iron Works vs. Franklin; 21st, Comanche vs. Buckeye; 28th, Silver Star vs. Franklin. October 5th, Union Reds vs. Buckeye; 12th, Union Iron Works vs. Comanche. These games will be played at the Recreation Ground, San Francisco, at 11 A. M., on the days mentioned.

Eastern Massachusetts Base-ball Association.

A CONVENTION of delegates from clubs favoring the formation of an Eastern Massachusetts Base-ball Association, was held at the Sherman House, Boston, March 31st. George W. Brackett, of Clinton, presided, and W. H. Lucee of Lynn, served as secretary. The following clubs were represented: Ætnas, of South Boston; Campellos, of Campello; Beacons, of Boston; Gen. Worths, of Stoneham; Live Oaks, of Lynn; Our Boys, of Lynn; Maldens, of Malden; Brocktons, of Brockton; Eurekas, of Lynn; King Phillips, of Rockland; Atlantics, of Peabody; Clintons, of Clinton. It was decided to call the association the Eastern Massachusetts Base-ball Association, and after accepting a Constitution, it was voted to adopt the National playing rules. The Ætna Club, through its manager, Mr. J. H. Marqueze, stated it would offer a championship pennant worth at least $50, to be contended for by such clubs as desire. It was accepted, and the championship opens May 1st and closes Oct. 1st. A schedule committee was appointed, and after adopting the Mahn ball, the following officers were elected, and the meeting adjourned: President, G. W. Brackett, of Lynn; Vice-President, M. C. Van Husen, of Brockton; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Marqueze; Judiciary Committee, G. W. Brackett, J. H. Marqueze, J. O'Gorman, F. L. Whittier and W. L. Hallett.

Notes.

SPRINGFIELD and Peoria, Illinois, will not have base-ball clubs this season.

THE North-western League met at the Burtis House, Davenport, Iowa, April 1st.

THE Dubuque nine is made up of *six* of last year's Peoria nine, two Worcesters and *one* Dubuque.

WE shall give a full report of the meeting of the North-western League from our own correspondent.

AMATEUR base-ballism in Boston and vicinity has received a fresh impetus by the formation of an Eastern Massachusetts Association.

THE Olympic and Defiance Base-ball Clubs have laid out their new grounds and pavilion at Oakdale Park, Philadelphia, April 1st.

THE Franklins and Silver Stars, of the California A. B. B. A., played a match game March 23d. The Franklins made 12 to the Stars, 5. There was one blank inning.

THE new members of the Boston nine, viz.: John O'Rourke, Jones, Hawes, Foley and Houck have already made a very favorable impression on the minds of base-ball people at the "Hub."

ALL of the Buffalo team for '79 have arrived at Buffalo, and will begin practicing at once. The grounds being somewhat heavy, the North William street Armory has been secured, and being very commodious, the boys will have plenty of room to exercise in until the weather permits them to use the grounds. Galvin and Clapp have become a strong team, their quick return being considered their best point by all who have seen them do it.

THE Buffalo Amateur Base-ball Association held a meeting on Tuesday, April 1st. Six clubs were represented—the Stars, Alerts, O. K.'s, Union Citys, Socials and Spaldings. The Alerts, Socials, O. K.'s and Stars will enter for the championship. The entrance-money ($40) will be divided into two prizes, $25 and $15. The Essex withdrew from the association, they having made arrangements to play with the Buffaloes. Schedule and judiciary committees were elected, and J. Gainey, P. T. Sullivan and James Hickey were chosen as umpires. The East side Ball Grounds have been secured, and some fine playing can be expected from the amateurs of Buffalo during the coming season.

THE Bostons opened the base-ball season at the "Hub," April 3d, by playing a strong picked nine. The grounds were in a bad condition, rendering brilliant play almost an impossibility, though for champions, Houck and O'Rourke, did some excellent fielding. Only six innings were played on account of the rain. Upward of 2,000 people were present. The score follows:

BOSTONS.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	L.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jones, l. f.	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
O'Rourke, c. f.	3	0	1	1	0	2	2	0
Burdock, 2b.	3	1	1	1	0	1	0	0
Hawes, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Morrill, 1b.	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0
Sutton, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Bond, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	8	0
Snyder, c.	2	0	0	0	1	10	0	0
Houck, s. s.	2	1	1	3	1	2	1	0
Totals	24	3	4	6	2	18	11	1

PICKED NINE.

	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	L.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gilligan, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Driscoll, p.	3	0	1	1	1	0	7	2
Sweeney, 1b.	3	0	1	3	1	6	0	1
Tierney, 2b.	2	0	1	1	0	2	3	0
Irwin, 3b.	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	2
Donovan, c. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Quinn, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fair, s. s.	2	0	1	1	0	0	3	0
Bergh, c.	2	0	1	1	1	9	2	2
Totals	21	0	5	7	3	18	17	8

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6
Bostons	0	0	0	0	0	3—3
Picked Nine	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Three-base hits—Houck, Sweeney. First base on errors—Bostons, 4; Picked Nine, 0. Struck out—Jones (2), O'Rourke, Burdock, Morrill, Snyder, Gilligan, Tierney, Irwin, Donovan (2), Quinn. Passed balls—Bergh (1). Wild pitches—Driscoll (1). Time—1h. 30m. Umpire—J. J. Egan.

Billiards.

WEDNESDAY, April 2d, Knight gave Wahlstrom another beating at 15-ball pool for the O'Connor Medal and the American championship. The score was at follows:

Knight—0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1—21.

Wahlstrom—1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0,—17.

Athletics.

American College Athletic Association.

THE fourth annual Convention of this body met in New York, April 3d, with the following representatives: Columbia, William Barclay Parsons, Jr., and W. N. Kingsbury; Harvard, H. Twombley and Theodore Roosevelt; Lehigh University, M. M. Duncan and J. H. Paddock; College of City of New York, W. M. Watson and H. P. Todd; Princeton, William Brooks and Frank Larkin, Jr.; Rutgers, Thomas F. Randolph; Union, A. J. McNulty and George E. Marks; University of Pennsylvania, Horace H. Lee and G. W. B. Roberts; Williams, Cyrus W. Field, Jr. The Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, applied for admission to the association and the application was granted. Admission was denied to St. Lawrence University. The association decided to accept the New York Athletic Club Grounds at Mott Haven for the annual games.

It was decided that the programme should be as follows: Undergraduates—One-mile walk, two-mile walk, 100-yards dash, one-quarter-mile run, half-mile run, 220-yards run, one-mile run, hurdle race, running high jump, running broad jump, pole vaulting, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, standing high jump, standing broad jump. Graduates—100-yards dash, one-mile walk. Friday, May 9th, was decided upon as the time of holding the games.

The O'Leary Belt.

DANIEL O'LEARY, ex-champion, has just offered a belt for runners and walkers, on the following conditions: The first contest to commence at Gilmore's Garden, October 6th, 1879, and last 142 hours—go as you please, the winner to take the belt and $3,000; the second man $2,000; third $1,000; fourth $500, provided each man covers 450 miles. Then follow provisions for dividing the gate-money and the stipulations about entrance-fees, each competitor having to pay $100 before Sept. 22d. No entry will be accepted without $10, and entries close Sept. 12th. All communications are to be addressed to William B. Curtis, Box 935, N. Y. City.

The belt-winner will take it subject to the following conditions:

All challenges shall be for $500 a side, any man in the world being eligible to compete, and the holder to take the first comer, in not less than three nor more than six months from date of challenge, naming date and place, to be either New York or Chicago. After a match any one else may join, by depositing $500 and signing articles. Then follow the gate-money provisions as before. The belt is to become the personal property of the man who wins it three successive times or holds it eighteen months.

In offering the belt on these conditions O'Leary says: "I earnestly hope that the first race for this belt may be made memorable by a 'best performance on record in the world;' and with this end in view suggest to American pedestrians that they would act wisely during the six months between now and next October by making all their races 'go as you please,' and thus learn as soon as possible the game which is destined to supersede long-distance walking. The date of the first race for this belt has been postponed until next October, and six months' notice given, because there are now in America no runners experienced in six-day traveling, and it is useless to give such races until we have men fit to go the distance and make a good record.

"As an additional incentive to American pedestrians, and with the intention of encouraging them to practice running instead of walking, I hereby distinctly promise that if the winner of the first or any future race for the belt shall be an American, and shall equal or come within a few miles of the best English records, I will, at my own expense, send him to England to compete for the Astley Belt and pay the necessary £100 stake money.

"The contests for this belt are sure to produce, sooner or later, an American champion superior to all his predecessors, and when this 'coming man' arrives I trust that the people of this country will extend to him the same hearty sympathy, kind treatment and generous pecuniary support which they have always showered upon your obedient servant,

"DANIEL O'LEARY."

Norman Taylor's Last.

THE Vermont runner who has come into notice so suddenly, scored another victory at Gilmore's Garden, Thursday, April 3d, in a twenty-mile run. There were eight entries to the race, but only six appeared: Frank E. Adams, of Matteawan, N. Y.; D. J. Ross, of Chicago, Ill.; Norman Taylor, of Vermont; J. A. Maas, of New York; David Taggart, of Newburg, N. Y.; and John Raine, of Canada.

Raine ran Taylor hard for ten miles, but gave out on the eleventh, while the others were nowhere. Taylor won in 2h. 12m. 30s., slow time, but there was no one to press him. When he finished, Ross had covered 17 miles, Maas 14 and Adams 13. Taylor received $250, Ross $100, and Maas $50. The other runners were given $10 apiece, all the prizes coming out of the gate-money, which was large. The attendance shows that Americans will pay money willingly to see a good square race, though they will not countenance frauds.

Foul Play.

ARTH. writes: "Saturday, March 29th, at Boston, Gideon Greenwood, aged 20, and Henry Cramer, aged 24, went go-as-you-please for five miles (3 1-2 laps to the mile) around Madison Park for five dollars. Greenwood got his trainer by the arm and he helped him half a lap. Cramer said it was foul, and would not go any more, finishing his 1 mile 2 1-2 laps in 10m. 4s. Greenwood kept on and finished his five miles in 49 1-2m. After a good deal of discussing the money was handed over to Greenwood. There was a large crowd and a good deal of excitement. The crowd gave three cheers for Greenwood, but he did not deserve it. Do you think it was right for Greenwood's trainer to help him?"

[Of course it was not, but it served Cramer right for walking for money. Where bets are made on a performance of any kind, cheating is sure to creep in, sooner or later. That is why we refuse to have anything to do with the decision of bets. A man who is always wanting to bet $5 on a doubtful point is also ready to cheat and swindle if he can gain his money thereby. There is no such thing as an honorable gambler. Honor and gambling are incompatible. ED.]

Business.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have to-day (April 2d, 1879), by this mail, sent forward to John F. Waldron, Esq., No. 28 South Fifth avenue, City, letter of acceptance, copy of same I herewith inclose, in answer to challenge which appeared in your valuable paper on the 31st ult. Will let you know whether he accepts or not.

"If the weather promises fair, on the 6th April I will walk 10 miles against time, in Passaic, N. J. There will also be a 10-mile match—two contestants. One will walk and the other will run the distance. The report of the above I will send you.

"NEW YORK, April 2d, 1879.

"JOHN F. WALDRON, ESQ.,
"No. 28 South Fifth ave., City.

"DEAR SIR—I, the undersigned, will accept your challenge for the championship 5-mile walker of the square. (I am 15 years of age.) If you will accept my offer you will greatly oblige. Hoping to hear from you soon, whether you will accept or not, I am,
"Respectfully yours,
"ROBERT ABESSER,
"P. O. box 3,653, City."

"NEW YORK, April 3d, 1879.

"ROBERT ABESSER:

"DEAR SIR—I received your favor of the 1st inst., and in answer would say that although you are 15 years old, I will walk you, and if agreeable to you, would appoint Thursday evening, April 10th, at 6:45 P. M., I will have good timers and scorers, and hoping we will know each other better in future, I remain,
"Yours very truly,
"(Signed) JOHN F. J. WALDRON,
"28 South Fifth avenue, City."

[As both parties evidently mean business, we hope soon to chronicle the occurrence of a great match.—ED.]

"BROOKLYN, April 2d, 1879.

"Seeing in last number a letter from T. H. C., of Brooklyn, in which he said he would like to join an athletic club. Now, could we not get up a club for Hare and Hounds to meet, say, every Saturday, at Prospect Park? If he is willing, will he be kind enough to write to Edgar J. Taylor, 473 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, also giving his age and address."

[We advise these young men to meet and get up their club at once.—ED.]

West-Side Walkers.

THE boys on the west-side of New York city have been badly seized with the walking mania. The west-side walking rink in Greenwich St., which has its track around the square on the sidewalk, was the scene, March 31st, of a spirited walking-match between Charles M. Earl, Dave Surrall and Charlie Shaw for the championship and a silver medal offered by Miss Lottie Ramsay to the winner. The race was go as you please for 10 miles, eight times around the square being a mile. Wm. Brady and John Kretzmer acted as timekeepers. Earl took the lead at the start and held it for three miles, Surrall being a good second and both running. Shaw kept up his steady walk, his stride being similar to Harriman's, and was soon a lap behind. On the seventh mile he retired for good. Earl and Surrall still kept up their contest until the eighth mile, which was accomplished in one hour and seven minutes, when both set into a walk, the ninth mile being done in 11m. 30s. On the tenth mile they both began to run again, and Earl, being the best runner, soon got a decided lead, which he held to the end. He made his 10th mile in 5m. 56s., completing his 10 miles in 1h. 24m. 16s. Surrall completed his in 1h. 26m. 3s. The winner was challenged by Brady, and they would like very much to see John F. Waldron in it. It is to be 10 miles, go as you please, for a silver medal, and to take place in the square in Greenwich, between Barrow and Christopher Sts., Friday evening, April 12th, at 8 P. M. Miss Edith Westerfield is the donor of the next medal.

Washington Square Walkers.

ON Sunday, March 30th, Edward Hoppy undertook to go 25 miles, walk and run, in less than four hours. He started at precisely 11 minutes past two, on the course around the fountain in Washington parade-ground, and immediately commenced to run, covering the first mile in 7 minutes. When he completed his 51st lap, being 2 miles and 9 laps, the crowd became so dense that the park officer had to put him away from there, but he immediately went, keeping up his steady run, to another track at the north-east end of the park, of which 15 laps made a mile, and completed 8 miles in about one hour. Then he dropped into an easy walk for one mile, after which he took to the run. From this to the end he varied between walking and running.

About this time some fun was created by a little fellow, about six years old, running around and passing Hoppy while he was walking, two or three times, doing about two miles without stopping. He was rewarded by some of the gentlemen with some silver. When Hoppy had completed ten miles he was presented with a bouquet by one of the gentlemen standing by. He received another one on the 13th mile, both of which he handed to his trainer, John F. J. Waldron, who accompanied him around. He kept up running and walking until the 23d mile, when the crowd was so large, numbering about one thousand persons, that another of the park policemen came over and dispersed the people and stopped the walker, who had completed 23 miles and 1 lap in 3h. 30m., stopping at 5.41.

Mr. Hoppy is a fine walker, having a good five-mile record, and is only 15 years old.

He is always practicing and is walking almost every day. "AMERICUS."

A New Athletic Poet.

AN enthusiastic young man from Beaver Co., Penn., sends us the following verses anent the late walking-match:

"And now my pen I'll lay aside
And bid you all farewell,
And go and chin of the grand success
Of the English bull, Rowell.
O'Leary he has gone to grass,
And oh! how bad he felt
When Rowell come and took away
The Sir John Astley belt.
And now John Ennis, he looks up
From out of America's wilds,
And says: 'Look here, you better don't
Take us for some childs.
Now, Mr. Rowell, wear that belt
Till I get shook in order,
Then I'll race you for it from New York
To America's western border.'—JOHN S."

Our correspondent's heart is in the right place if his meter is defective. We commend him to the kind consideration of our readers.

Iowa Notes.

MASTER EDDIE HOWLEY, aged nine years, a little fellow, trained by Mr. Miller, made a mile in 9 1-2 minutes—heel-and-toe.

IN the hall of the Howard House, at Le Claire, Iowa, March 27th, commenced a walking match in which about a dozen entered. After walking 26 hours, the match closed, Captain Isaiah Wasson being the winner. He made 79 miles in the time mentioned. Chas. Hilburn was second, having made 77 miles.

MADAME DU PREE has accepted a challenge from Miller for a 6 days' walk in Davenport, in a short time. The following are some of the feats accomplished by Mr. Miller: Muscatine, Iowa, Feb. 28th and March 1st, 100 miles in 22h. 59m. Rochester, Minn., 100 miles in 23h. One-half mile in 2 1-2 minutes at Muscatine, March 1st, 1879.

THE walking mania reached Port Byron, Ill., March 25th, when M. T. Burns, Jesse Maxwell, Jr., Walter Skelton and D. Smith commenced a tramp in the town hall. Mr. Smith gave up at the 30th mile. The others continued 22h. 45m., with the following result: Burns, 83 miles; Maxwell, 82 1-2; Skelton, 81 miles. Time 22 3-4 hours. Maxwell is about 19 years old and Skelton about 21.

A FRIENDLY walking match for the championship of Rock Island, Ill., came off March 27th and 28th. It was a 24-hour match, and James R. Findley and Thos. Beal, each about 20 years, were the contestants. The walk commenced at 8:45 P. M. of the 27th and was finished at the same time on the 28th. The fastest mile was the ninth, made by both in 9m. 22s. At the finish the score was: Findley, 70 miles 32 laps; Beal, 69 miles 12 laps. There were 40 laps to the mile. Both were pretty well used up.

THE first walk against time ever made in Davenport, Iowa, commenced in Turner Hall, March 26th. Mr. E. E. Miller, of Muscatine, Iowa, aged 25 years, had been advertised to make 100 miles in twenty-two hours, and offered a prize of a silver hunting-case watch to the amateur that would make the most miles while he was making his 100. There were three entries, C. E. Mull and Wm. Logan, of Davenport, and John Bowlsby of Muscatine, Iowa.

Logan led the amateurs for the first 25 miles, but having sprained his thigh, he was compelled, at 1:30 P. M., Thursday, to retire from the contest, having made 50 miles in 12 1-2 hours. Bowlsby and Mull toiled on until 6 P. M., when the score was: Bowlsby, 76 miles, 3 laps; Mull, 73 miles, 8 laps. Mull then gave up and after making two more laps Bowlsby was declared the winner of the watch. Time, 76 1-6 miles in 18h. 05m. Mr. Miller plodded on, making his 1st mile in 8m.; 2d, in 8 1-2m.; 3d, in 8m.; 4th, in 9m.; 5th, in 10 1-2m. 54 miles in 10h. 35m. At 9:57:30 he completed his task, having 2 1-2 minutes to spare. Actual walking time—18h. 58m. 30s. Total resting at intervals 2h. 59m. Mr. Miller expects to enter the championship contest at Gilmore's Garden.

DICK FIDD.

A Dispute.

JOSIAH BURROWS writes from Salt Lake City, Utah: "I have perused with interest the feats and records of the readers of your paper in their first attempts at pedestrianism. With the same object in my mind, and in company with a companion, we started the following feat: at the half-mile race-course, Salt Lake City, March 30th, to run for one hour, each taking separate directions, and to go as you please. We started at one o'clock P. M. together, he at a steady run, myself a little faster. I completed my first mile in 6m.; he completed his in 8m. I then continued on till the latter part of the second mile, when I fell into a walk, allowing him to get even with me. We then kept on about even till half of the time—30 minutes—was up, when the scorers pronounced my companion 2 yards ahead, the distance then accomplished being about 3 1-2 miles. I then increased my speed and gained all of an eighth of a mile on him, which I held for a short time; but finally, owing to a lack of speed on my part, or perhaps himself increasing, he again began to get even. He continued on till he completed his seventh mile, when he retired, having accomplished the distance in 55 minutes. He was again pronounced two yards ahead of me in completing my seventh mile, but I continued on the remaining five minutes, completing in that time nearly two-thirds of a mile, making his record seven miles in 55 minutes, and my record seven and two-thirds in 1 hour. Which do you consider the victor; him, by being 2 yards ahead on the seventh mile, or me, in continuing to the end of the time agreed upon? I am just 16 years of age, and my companion 17. This was our first attempt at running that distance. We did not feel very tired, he saying that he could have gone the other 5 minutes, but thought that seven miles was enough. We had two scorers and timers, and I think you will hear of us again."

[There is no doubt that Josiah won that match.—ED.]

Notes.

JOHN ENNIS is spending a few days at Buffalo.

WALTER H. VAUGHN, aged 19, finished a thousand quarters in East Saginaw, Michigan, March 31st.

THERE will be an amateur walking match at Titusville, Pa., beginning Thursday, April 11th, for 60 hours.

JAMES KEATING, of Hoboken, beat John Mahon, of New York, April 5th, at rackets, best 2 in 3 games.

THERE will be a 4-hour race, go-as-you-please around Washington Park, N. Y., on Saturday, April 12th, at 7 P. M., between four young amateurs for a medal.

"SAM COLLYER" the ex-prize-fighter—real name, Walter Jameson—has challenged John M. Goodwin to a seventy-five hours or six days contest go-as-you-please.

Two Reading pedestrians, Mishler and Esterline, engaged in a match to walk 100 miles in 24 hours. The former walked 92 miles, and the latter 80 miles and 22 laps.

THE Olympic Athletic Club of Newark, that organized a short time ago, has connected itself with the N. P. A. A. A., thus forming the strongest association in Newark.

SEVERAL young men of South Wilkesbarre, Pa., are arranging for a match, to take place as soon as the roads are in good condition. The route will be to N. Y. *via* Easton, Pa.

ON Friday evening, March 26th, 1879, there was a contest for the most graceful lady skater at the Rink, Easton, Pa. The prize was won by Miss Cook. The rink closed March 31st.

ALEX. R. SAMUELLS is to have a 6-days' walking-match for men, for the championship of America and for money prizes. The contest is to be at Gilmore's Garden, April 14th, at 12:05 A. M.

THE Olympic Athletic Association of Jersey City has elected the following officers: President, M. Coughlin; Vice-President, A. McLean; Captain, W. Haslman; Secretary, E. Apgar; Treasurer, F. Clark.

THE members of the Sixteen-year-old Pedestrian Club of Erie, Pa., R. A. Morrison, manager, are reported to average 6 1-2 miles an hour. If they can do it on a measured track, heel-and-toe, they are doing well.

THE Natick, Mass., people had another walk last week, for twenty hours, with ten starters. The race was won by James Fair, aged 19, making 55 miles in the full time. The lowest man, Ed. Daley, gave up at 19 miles.

THE Bicycle Tournament for the Championship of America comes off in May. Entries to the race can be made to the committee of management at the American Insititute, corner 3d Avenue and 65th street, N. Y. city.

THERE is a new club started under the name of the Baltic A. C., and another in Newark under the name of the Olympia A. C. The Pastime A. C. have upward of fifty members on their books, and nice grounds at the foot of East 65th street.

SAMUEL BERRY, of Philadelphia, and Frank Robinson of Lawrence, wrestled for the light-weight championship of America, at Lowell, Mass., March 31st, best two falls in three. Berry won, throwing Robinson the second and third rounds.

TORONTO pedestrians are talking about a six-day walk with a young man called Henderson for attraction, but it is not likely to come to anything. Canada has produced one Hanlan, but her pedestrians do not seem to be up to her oarsmen.

WM. BELL, of Cleveland, Ohio, on Friday evening, March 21st, walked 20 miles in 3h. 15m. 43s. according to the statement of a correspondent. If this statement be substantiated, Bell has beaten Armstrong's time, the best American on record.

ON Monday, March 31st, a running race between John Rittenhouse and Oscar Brewer, from Market street depot, Newark, to Bergen Heights, by way of the plank-road, distance 5 miles, was won by J. Rittenhouse; time 35m. Brewer's time 39:10.

A SIX days' race in Philadelphia last week between Lyons and McLean, two ambitious pedestrians, terminated Saturday, April 5th, in favor of Lyons, who made 338 miles, to McLean's 318. Lyons's actual time on track was 75 hours 55 minutes.

HENRY TURNER and Theodore Tobias had a twenty-four hour walking-match at New Orleans, March 29–30. It was won by Tobias, who made 90 miles and 13 laps. Turner gave out at 81 miles on account of blistered toes. Otherwise he was in good condition.

MILLIE ROZE and Sergeant Zane started Feb. 28th, at Cleveland, O., to walk 2,700 quarters and 1,350 halves respectively on the same track. Both went through their task successfully against great obstacles, Miss Roze not having enough money to procure proper food at times.

LITTLE Rowell went away to his native land on Wednesday, April 2d, in the Scythia. Atkinson and Rowell's trainers went with him. All the party were in good spirits, having spoiled the innocent Yankees to the extent of some $20,000 profit, besides any amount of dinners and champagne.

A MAN named Taylor walked three miles at Laconia, N. H., April 2d, with a two-gallon jug full of water in each hand for a wager. He was quite exhausted but got through. There is to be a 24-hour go-as-you-please match at Laconia, April 9th and 10th, open to all pedestrians in Belknap Co., N. H.

A TWELVE-MILE walk took place at Tompkins Square, New York city, April 4th, between John Houser and William Smith, won by Smith in 2h. 6m. Houser stopped at 11 miles 4 laps in 2h. 5m. 4s. The scorer was Otto Mueb, and the track measured 23 laps to the mile. All parties were boys under sixteen.

AT Allentown, Pa., on March 21st, Messrs. Benning, Osmun and Bertolet started to walk 100 miles in 24 hours. They only made 66, 48 and 41 miles respectively, and then stopped. The man making 75 miles was to have most of the gate money, after the hall was paid for, but there wasn't any left.

THE so-called "woman's walk" came to a disgraceful end on Wednesday, April 2d. "Bertha Von Berg" (real name Maggie Van Gross,) won the belt, making 372 miles. The results to the other participants were bad, one woman reported dead and several dangerously ill. May we have no more such trials.

MILLER, the Græco-Roman wrestler, has had a second victory over the collar-and-elbow man, having defeated John McMahon at Baltimore, April 3d. The match allowed tripping, and McMahon gained one fall thereby, but lost the others by Miller's famous neck-hold, in which he turns his man over by main strength.

THE open handicap games of the Manhattan Athletic Club will take place at their grounds, Eighth avenue and Fifty-sixth street, on Saturday April 12th, at four P. M. The games will be as follows: 100 yards run; one-mile walk; half-mile run. Gold medals will be given to first and silver medals to second in each event.

WILLIAM BELL of Cleveland, O., challenged any two men in Cleveland to walk him 50 miles heel and toe, relieving each other every ten and fifteen miles respectively. He was taken up by two men called Willford and Willson, and beat them both. Willford fell sick after a few miles, Willson made a spurt of five miles in good shape, but Bell won the race.

FOUR Newark boys, namely, Wm. Kavanagh, aged 18, John Harrington, aged 18, W. McClutchey, aged 18, and J. Dunning, aged 15, started to walk or run 25 miles, on a measured track, April 2d, at 8 P. M., Harrington finishing at 12 M., McClutchey at 12.03, and Kavanagh 23 miles in 4 hours, walking nearly all the time. Dunning dropped off at 9 miles.

GENTLEMEN—August Berger, a Swede, employed at Smith's Stone Quarry, on the Bushkill, in the 3d Ward, Easton, Pa., attempted, April 3d, to walk 100 miles in 24 hours. He started on a quarter-mile stretch near the quarry, at 5:30 A. M., and continued until 11 o'clock, when the storm caused him to quit. He had up to that time made 38 miles.

IN a 30-hour walking-match at Renovo, Penn., April 3d, Joseph Burney covered 104 miles in 28h. 53m. Christopher Koller made 100 miles; D. Haley, 85; A. Carleton, 68, and B. Coffee, 55; Koller being the only man who stuck to the last, till the struggle was hopeless. They had a saw-dust track, 42 laps to the mile. Another race is arranged for April 18th and 19th.

A SIX days' walk "go as you please," was commenced at Toledo, O., for the championship of the State, March 31st, with the following entries: Jackson, "Butcher Boy," Charlie Ross, Tiernan and Sheahan. On the third day the score was as follows: Butcher Boy, 109 miles and 20 laps; Charlie Ross, 97 miles and 23 laps; Jackson, 97 miles and 17 laps; Tiernan, 97 miles and 10 laps; Sheahan, 78 miles and 11 laps.

JAMES L. DOWNEY, of New York, a fast, graceful and neatly-built pedestrian, has given, and will continue to give, every afternoon and evening, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, a ten-mile exhibition walk, not for speed, but for exercise, training for the next six days' walk for the Astley belt at London. As a sample of his performance, Wednesday afternoon, April 2d, he made his ten miles in 1h. 27m. 1-2s., the average time per mile being 8m. 42s.

AT the meeting of the Newark Amateur Athletic Association, held at their rooms, April 3d, Vice-president Judge Paulin in the chair, on motion of Mr. Dennis Murray, it was agreed to have a committee appointed by the chair to draw up a paper for the purpose of having the Association incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey. The next meeting will be held on Wednesday evening, April 9th at their new and larger rooms, corner of Market and Washington streets.

A MEETING was held at Pedestrian Hall, East 23d street, on the evening of April 1st, under the auspices of the Woodbine Athletic Club. The 220-yards race was won by T. J. Convey—time uncertain. He is of the W. A. C. 440-yards hurdle-race was won by J. Apple, of the Flyaway B. B. C. 1-mile walk was won by B. Solomon, of N. Y. The 2-mile walk was won by J. Powers of the W. A. C. The 5-mile walk was won easily by Henry Fredricks, of the W. A. C., distancing his competitors. Medals were given to the winners of each event.

THE Baltic Athletic Club of Philadelphia will hold their next meeting on Easter Monday night, at Caledonia Hall, when Captain John G. Smith, and Mr. Francis McGinley, will walk a match for the fifty-dollar prize offered by the club. Nearly three hundred invitations have been issued for the occasion. Captain Smith is one of the scouts recently engaged by the Government during the Indian troubles. He is related to General Santa Anna, stands six feet two inches, and is one of the fastest runners on the Western borders. McGinley is a well-known sportsman, and a brother to the base-ball player.

JOE GANO and Owen Saudt, two of the contestants entered for the 6 days' match the 3d week in April, started to walk 20 miles (go as you please) for a purse of money, at Easton, Pa., April 3d. Gano, who is slightly lame in one leg, commenced at once to jog along, at a half run. He made his first 3 miles in 30 min. In 1 hour and 6 min., he had covered 8 miles, when Saudt refused to contest further on account of the severe snow then falling, and the raw day generally. Saudt had completed 5 miles in 55 min., nearly all of which he walked. The track was soft and muddy, and the time made by the men under the circumstances, is considered very good.

ANNIE BARTEL, who started to walk 4,000 qr. miles in 4,000 qr. hours, in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, has withdrawn from the track in a fair condition, after having finished 1,175 qr. miles. Upon the reporter's table a dispatch is displayed, reading: "Your sister is dead. Come home. Your father, H. Bartel." This is given as the reason of her departure. Three other female walkers are now walking besides Miss Vernon, who has covered 532 half-miles in the same number of half hours. The three new pedestriennes are walking a 12-days' go-as-you-please match, and she who covers the most ground to be awarded the championship medal and belt of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. One of the trio is Addie Freeman, a Philadelphia woman, who is said to be a runner, and as a walker Freeman does credit to her name, as she steps out with a long stride, and at a rate which looks promising; Josie Wilson is another one, and is a New Jersey girl, wearing a short black velvet dress, whose cast of countenance is so Hibernian, that she is called by some "Moriarty from Far Down." The New York representative is Stella Hughes, a picture of health, who is a no mean walker. Miss Josie Wilson is credited as having walked 2,700 qr. miles in as many qr. hours. There is a large audience continually in attendance, especially in the evening.

ROD AND GUN

Notes.

FIVE ambitious dogs chased wolves in Sauk county, Wisconsin. The dogs' bones were found on the following day.

THE entries for the dog-show, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, closed on Saturday, April 5th.

THE National Rifle Association has at last lowered its annual to $2. This sum entitles any party to enter Creedmoor at all times.

THE Shrewsbury Gun Club's regular semi-monthly match at Red Bank, N. J., March 31st, was won by J. H. Bergen, who broke 12 out of 15 balls, Parker trap, 18 yards rise.

THE National Rifle Association are trying to coax Sir Henry Halford to bring over another British team to Creedmoor to make an international match, but the plan does not work yet.

MR. CHARLES MACALISTER, of Philadelphia, recently at Cannes, France, defeated ninety-seven contestants in a pigeon-shooting match, for a vase worth $500. He had the longest handicap, 32 yards rise, and killed every one of his ten birds.

A PARTY of four started from Cambridge, Illinois, March 24th, on a tramp to St. Peter's Marsh, in the northern part of the county, returning March 31st, with a wagon-load of ducks and geese, 407 in all. The town was well supplied with duck meat.

THERE was a shooting match near Circleville, Ohio, March 28th, by the members of the Circleville Militia Company. The prize was a Henry rifle and a silver medal. The competitors used Springfield breech-loaders, five shots apiece at 200 yards. The prize was won by Mr. Wolf, his score being 19 out of a possible 28.

F. C. BOLTON won the gold badge of the New London Shooting Club, March 29th, breaking 20 successive balls from a Bogardus screen-trap at 18 yards rise. Charles Bacon and Andrew Ledgett, aged 20, tied on 19 for second place and shot off the tied on 15 balls, Ledgett making a clean score at 21 yards rise. This is excellent amateur shooting.

THE return shooting match between the Brooklyn Gun Club and the Social Gun and Rifle Club of Philadelphia, took place March 31st, at Riverton, N. J. Brooklyn won, killing 107 to 103 birds, the teams on each side consisting of ten men. Messrs. Bryer and Wynne of Brooklyn, and Bickley of Philadelphia, tied on 14 out of 15 birds each. The birds were shot from five traps, 25 yards rise, 80 yards boundary.

A SHOOTING match between two teams from the Audubon and Queen City Sportsmen's Clubs, took place on Wednesday, April 2d, at Byron Shultz's, Buffalo Plains. The teams numbered ten men each, and each man shot at ten birds. Owing to the fact that a high wind was blowing and the birds remarkably strong, no good shooting was done. The score at the close was—Queen Citys, 69; Audubons, 64. A return match will be shot some time in May.

DAILY papers announce that C. V. Brughton, of Titusville, Pa., has invented a ball to take the place of those manufactured of glass. It is a wooden globe which is covered with a chemical paper or fulminate. The slightest concussion upon the paper releases a smoke, which indicates the hit. The paper takes fire and is consumed during its fall to the ground, leaving the bare wooden globe ready for another covering of chemical paper. The ball can be used until it is shot to pieces.

YACHTING AND ROWING

Riley's Opinion.

A REPORTER has been interviewing Riley at Saratoga and getting his opinion on rowing matters. Riley seems to admire his old victor Courtney, but to have a low opinion of Hanlan as a sculler. His criticism of the two is as follows: He does not dislike Courtney's sharp pull on the finish of his stroke; says he equalizes his strength on the whole stroke from beginning to end, and rates it a better and less tiresome style than Hanlan's. He considers the heavy, sharp catch at the beginning a mistake, and says that the trouble with it is that it wrenches a man too much, and if you drive one who sculls in that way hard in the first start-off he cannot stand it long, but soon falls to pieces.

As to the coming matches, Riley thinks Hawdon will give Hanlan a hard race. He rates the world's scullers as follows:

Courtney at the head, Elliott next, then Hanlan, Trickett, Higgins and Hawdon all in a bunch, with Riley himself in among them; then Boyd, Kennedy, Smith of Halifax, Eph. Morris, Blackman of England, Plaisted and Hosmer; while Frenchy Johnson, John Biglin, Faulkner, Davis and the rest of the professionals follow in the wake.

This is Mr. Riley's opinion and will go for what it is worth when we see how hard Hawdon pushes Hanlan. Riley thinks he may even beat him.

Courtney and Trickett.

THE Australian sculler, Trickett, has challenged Courtney, after a fashion. He has written him a letter of which a synopsis reads thus:

Trickett says that an international rowing exhibition will be held at Sydney, in August next. This is the location of Trickett's own course on the Parametta river, and from the tone of his remarks it is inferred that Trickett thinks it incumbent on himself to lend his aid toward making the meeting a success. It is concluded that the authorities of the Antipodes are of sporting proclivities, as the government will assume the management of the affair. The committee in charge propose to give prizes amounting to £1,000 sterling in the aggregate. In addition the expenses of foreign oarsmen will be paid. The regatta will be arranged, it is surmised, more as a compliment to Trickett than anything else. Trickett writes, speaking of the sum: "This, of course, would be a prize worth pulling for, and if Mr. Courtney or any other sculler would come here in time to embrace the above award it would add greatly to the interest of the event." He states he will send full particulars by next mail, and announce "what he could offer to America or any other country in the shape of expenses, for contesting with him the championship of the world."

The Australian signs himself, "Yours faithfully, Edward Trickett, champion sculler of the world."

This is business—after a fashion. Trickett will only row Courtney on his own ground, where he knows the currents, and will not come to America. So much is clear. He will hold on to his title of "world's champion" as long as he can, till some one makes him row for for it.

Hanlan's Condition.

A SPECIAL cable dispatch from London to the Toronto *Globe* says: "Edward Hanlan is rapidly recovering from his recent indisposition. He is now rowing with his usual strength and power. Very few persons will stake money against him. Canadians who intend coming over to bet will not be able to put money on him, owing to Ross's easy victory. Hawdon has very few backers, as our speculators prefer the Canadian, considering that his prospects are much the stronger."

This is very much in the line of our last week's remarks. These boils and colds on a dangerous champion are usually connected with bets to be got against him. Hanlan is going to beat Hawdon, and without reports of sickness to make the chances even there will be no crowd at the race.

The Oxford-Cambridge Race.

WE gave the names and weights of the English University Crews in No. 19 of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, and expressed the opinion therein that Cambridge stood the best chance of winning, inasmuch as her crew averaged nearly five pounds heavier per man than that of Oxford, besides being better distributed in the boat.

On Saturday, April 5th, the race was rowed and the telegraphic dispatches show that our prognostications were verified. The race is thus described in the dispatches:

"The course was that usually rowed on the Thames—from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four miles and two furlongs. The morning opened warm, with a heavy mist and fog, with a west wind blowing and rain threatening, but about 10 o'clock the weather became brighter and more promising, though the wind still blew from an unfavorable quarter. The Oxford crew won the choice for positions and took the Surrey side of the river. At Hammersmith Bridge, one mile and three-quarters from the starting-point at Putney, the Cambridge crew were three lengths ahead of the Oxford boat, and were going as they pleased at 36 strokes to the minute. The race was virtually over at the top of Chiswick-Eyot, a few furlongs from Hammersmith Bridge—where the light blues were five lengths ahead of the dark blues. The Cambridge crew encountered some surf in Corney Reach, which caused them to slacken their pace, and Oxford, which was steering the better of the two, might have come up, but the crew appeared to be exhausted. Cambridge, however, rowing steadily, maintained their advantage, and quickening their stroke to 38 in the last quarter, won the race by six or seven lengths.

"Notwithstanding that a victory for the Cambridge boys was looked upon as certain, the usual crowds gathered at all points along the river where a view of the contest was to be had. The time of the Cambridge crew was 21 minutes and 18 seconds. They led the dark blues (Oxford) from the start of the race, and the result was never doubtful."

This is the thirty-sixth race between the Universities, and makes honors nearly easy. Oxford has won eighteen, Cambridge seventeen, and there has been one draw—that of 1877. If Cambridge beats next year equality is completely established. The first race of the series was held at Henley in 1829, and won easily by Oxford. The next four were from Westminster to Putney, won by Cambridge. Then Oxford took one race over the same course. Since that year the course has always been from Putney to Mortlake, or Mortlake to Putney. The greatest run of victories is in favor of Oxford, which scored nine successive years, from 1861 to 1869 inclusive. The greatest run of Cambridge is five years.

Notes.

THE Rock Island, Ill., Athletic Club had their crew out lately and they showed up well. They are: Andrews, coxswain; Mixter, Rodman, O'Neil and Elmer. The Davenport crew was out at the same time. It is expected that there will be some fine exhibitions of rowing here this season.

A TELEGRAM states that Henry J. Case, who acted as Courtney's agent in the negotiations between the Union Springs sculler and the Australian oarsman, was compelled to leave Australia for Africa, where he was ordered to proceed by the firm in whose employ he was, without concluding arrangements for the race. In an evasive manner Trickett refused to come to terms. He did not say absolutely he would not pull, but showed plainly he was averse to rowing, evidently fearing he would lose the championship.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

Ive been thinking—I've been thinking
What a glorious world were this
Did people mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors less!
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,'
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs!
We have faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers!

Oh! would that we had charity
For every man and woman—
Forgiveness is the mark of those
With whom "to err is human,"
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another!

Fur, Fin and Feather.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

No. 1.—A TURKEY-HUNT ON HORSEBACK.

THERE is no Western sport more thoroughly enjoyable than that which forms the text of this chapter. Only a genuine sporting epicure could have invented this delicious *melange*. May he live long in this world, and when his last shot is fired, find a reserved seat awaiting him in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

A sport that combines horse-racing, coursing, shooting; that tests a man's courage and skill to the utmost; that requires a firm, yet elastic seat; a strong and steady hand; a sure, quick eye; reckless courage and disregard of broken bones, united to a clear brain and cool judgment.

Years have come and gone since that day, but the bare remembrance sends the hot blood coursing through my veins, and I can see the plunging horses, hear the wild music of the racing hounds as they press the royal game to a rise, and see the fluttering feathers as the trusty breech-loader rings forth its death note—hear the yell of exultation as the rich trophy is brought to bag.

The stars are twinkling brightly as we ride forth in the early morning. The air is sharp and nipping. The stiff, frost-covered blades of dead grass crackle sharply beneath the hoofs of our eager horses. The hounds are gliding here and there, mute-tongued, like shadowy phantoms. An affrighted hare leaps from its form; a bevy of quail whir out of the low covert; an occasional grouse is flushed, and sails away before us in rapid, seesaw flight: but never a sound comes from the throats of the well-trained hounds. They know we are bound for higher game—for the feathered king of America.

The eastern swells are blushing beneath the genial eye of old Sol, as we reach the rendezvous. Those of our company who have not had so far to ride, have started a huge fire, over which bubbles and steams a generous coffeepot. We eat and drink as we laugh and talk and anticipate the pleasures of the day.

"Gentlemen," said our acknowledged leader, "Lark" Taylor, stroking his mighty beard as he waited for the confusion of tongues to subside. "Business is the word, now. Our game has been challenging us for an hour past, and they have had law enough. Tom Deakin and Charley Nichols will choose sides, then toss up for choice of grounds. Lively, now!"

While these preliminaries are being arranged, one word of explanation. This hunt took place in Kansas, where almost the only timber of any account is found bordering the various rivers and smaller creeks. The turkey is essentially a wood-bird, and seldom strays far from heavy timber. Its roost is always among high trees. At the first sign of dawn it descends and seeks its food, generally following the course of the nearest branch or creek. In the mode of hunting I am now attempting to describe time is given the turkeys to clear the main timber and get fairly started in their journey up the creek belt. The hunters then divide, each party following up one side of the stream, accompanied by one-l alf the hounds.

Fortune stood my friend, and I found myself upon the same side as the veteran Lark, whom I resolved to imitate to the best of my ability, feeling sure I could not go far astray with such an example before my eyes.

The creek at this point was not very deep, though some forty feet from bank to bank, but it was covered with a thin skim of ice, making a crossing on that frosty morning anything but an agreeable exploit, and the unlucky wights to whom fortune had assigned the north side paused upon the brink, hesitating. Not for long. A derisive burst of laughter—then, with a wild yell, Tom Deakin plunged over the bank, sending the water and ice-flakes flying in a glittering shower. One by one the others followed. The selected hounds were sent over, and then the work of the day was fairly begun.

Our portion of the pack were now uncoupled and cast loose. Lark rode in advance, his deep, mellow voice urging on each particular hound, we following at a respectful distance. From over the creek came similar sounds. The sense of rivalry was keen. Which division would find first? Surely our hounds were working slow? We are far behind—press on, Lark! Ha! found—no! 'tis only the yelp of a loitering hound that feels the keen lash of Lark's whip. Oh! for one note from the deep throat of trusty old Pawnee! Between hope and fear, the icy chills run races up and down our backs. Ha! listen! a deep bell-note that rises to a quavering wail—then a moment of silence that is absolutely painful. Found—but where? on which side? On *both*—HURRAH!

The wild, intoxicating music fills the air. The hot blood leaps in our veins, and for one, my head swims as with vertigo. Not less excited are our horses. Snorting, pawing the air, bearing hard against the bits—then dashing madly forward, over bush and brier, under low-hanging boughs that threaten death at every moment.

Thus the novice rides, and were all heads as hot, the field would be sadly thinned ere the game was overtaken. But veteran Lark has not forgotten our greenness, and at the risk of his bones he dashes in across our dangerous trail. His beard is ragged, his face scratched by the brambles; his eyes are afire, his voice is a deep bellow; he is an enraged wood-god.

"Back, you pesky greenhorns! this ain't a funeral. Out to open ground, and skirt the timber, unless you want to run on four legs and play the hound!"

The rebuke is sufficient. The first flurry is over, and we begin to feel the bruises already received, as we follow our leader up the bank and through the narrow belt of timber and undergrowth.

In full cry the hounds are pressing their feathered prey; the scent is breast high. At full speed we ride, keeping close to the timber, plunging through the clumps of tall grass, overleaping the patches of prairie-rose. The bridle hangs free. The ready gun is fiercely griped. Each eye is glaring ahead, looking and longing for the first glimpse of the royal game. The horse must guide himself. Who can think of danger *now?*

A loud scramble and flapping that rises above the ringing yelps—the game is flushed—they rise above the stunted timber, now flapping furiously, now sailing heavily—while beneath them bay the maddened hounds.

Not all fly straight away. From over the creek comes a shot and a yell of triumph. And see! a huge gobbler, whose beard is turning gray, lowers one wing until he seems falling, plying the other in short, rapid strokes until he fairly turns around, heading for the friendly wood now far in the rear. I raise my gun, but my hands are trembling, my nerves are unstrung with the intense excitement, and ere I can cover the proud bird, its death-note is sounded by Lark's heavy Parker. The long neck is doubled up, the turkey-cock falls to the ground with a peculiar sound.

Without checking the speed of his horse, Lark wheels around, stooping low in the saddle and securing his game; then, as he forges alongside, pointing exultantly to the yellow streak down the breast where the bird had burst open, through fatness, when it struck the ground.

On, once more, at full speed. The turkeys are still in the air, but are flying lower and more heavily. The hounds, like men, are running by the eye. The birds drop down, and race along with rested legs.

Once more the reckless racing over or through all obstacles. For a wonder no accident has occurred. If a horse stumbles it's only for a moment.

Hark! a yell—two, three shots—all from the north side. The game has again taken wing, and—a short, sharp *mot* from Tom Deakin's horn.

"Over the creek, boys—they've taken to the prairie!"

Thus Lark interprets the signal, and heads his horse down the steep bank into the tangled undergrowth.

No time for picking and choosing. If there is no passage before you, *make* one. Whip and spur—guard your face with your arm—stoop low—flounder through bush and bramble—slip down the muddy bank—through the ice-cold water—up the further shore—through the timber and out upon the open prairie. Done ere you can read this, yet what a waste of precious time!

Half a mile away the turkeys are alighting.

WILD TURKEYS.

The hounds in full cry are close upon them; and almost within gun-shot ride Tom Deakin and his men, adding their cheer to the thrilling chorus.

"Buckle to it, boys!" grated Lark. "One more flight, then comes the fun!"

Greenhorns though we were, we understood his meaning. Turkeys cannot make more than three flights, if pressed closely. The first of about three-quarters of a mile, the second one half a mile, while the last is never more than a quarter. Then they will scatter and trust wholly to their legs.

Five minutes' hard racing—then the turkeys rose heavily. They flew low and sluggishly. Their race was well-nigh run. The hounds ran almost beneath them.

Tom Deakin rose in his stirrups and leveled his long duck-gun. At the report, two birds fell dead. Another fluttered on, wing-tipped, and was speedily caught by Mingo, the swift.

The remainder of the flock break and scatter in every direction, some even flying into the jaws of death as they attempt to pass their relentless pursuers.

Report follows report in swift succession. This time my nerves are steadier, and I secure my bird quite respectably.

Yonder races a long-legged gobbler, and Lark is close upon its heels. A touch of the spur—a heart-breaking spurt—then Lark stoops suddenly and rises again, the live gobbler fluttering in his iron grasp, his whoop of exultation filling the air. 'Tis the last of the flock—the hunt is over.

Lark sounds the recall. We slowly return to the timber belt. The birds taken by the different sides are counted. The result is close; eleven to thirteen. A rousing cheer greets the victors. With an appropriate speech, Lark adorns Tom Deakin's hat with a bunch of tail feathers, and dubs him High Cock-olorum, King of the Turkey-hunters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Irish Mistake.

FOR more than twenty years it has been my custom to recruit myself every autumn with a walking tour of over a month's duration. By this means I have seen more of these islands than any one of my acquaintance, and have had peeps into the inner life of the people such as few tourists obtain.

In doing this I never overstrained myself, as is now too often the fashion. I walked just so far as I pleased, and rested when nature or my inclination gave me the hint. Sometimes my journeys were made in the cool of the evening, sometimes in the early morning; often I slept in the cabin of some laborer, and not once or twice, but a dozen times, have been forced to make my lodging under the lee of some friendly hayrick.

One of these autumns, over ten and less than twenty years ago, I made the west of Ireland the field of my operations. Starting from Galway, in a little less than three weeks' time I beheld the broad waters of Corrib, Mask and Conn—had lost myself in the wilderness under the shadow of Croagh Patrick, and looked with awe at the bold headlands of Mayo, against which the restless Atlantic beats with a ceaseless roar.

By the evening of the twenty-first day I found myself at Ballina, my mind full of indecision as to how I should occupy the week or ten days I had yet to spare. To go back over the same ground I looked on as a waste of time; to plunge inland was to doom myself to days of weary trudging through rather uninteresting country. After deliberation, I decided to head for Sligo, feeling sure that the beauties of Lough Gill would well repay me my long walk thither.

Next morning I was up early, and, knapsack on back and stick in hand, started off on my journey.

For the first mile or two the road was level and easy; but presently its character changed, and the country around grew poor and wild. It seemed a land drenched with constant showers, and beat upon by constant gales. There was nothing to charm me in anything I saw, so I hurried on.

After ten hours' almost constant walking the country began to improve, and presently I found myself in the little village of Ballysadare. Here I halted, for, as may be expected, I was both tired and hungry.

A good dinner, however, soon made a wonderful change in me for the better. There were still a couple of hours to pass before dark, and how better could I employ them than by attempting to cover in an easy way the five miles yet between me and Sligo? Once there, I could make up by a day's idleness for this day of extra exertion. So, after a short rest, I shouldered my knapsack, grasped my stick, and started off again.

Once clear of the village, the country began rapidly to improve, and the scenery at one or two spots was so pleasant that I was tempted to loiter. I was not more than half the way, when I suddenly awakened to the fact that night was beginning to fall about me fast.

"I cannot reach Sligo now before dark; that's certain," I muttered, as I hoisted my knapsack an inch or two higher, and began to cover the ground at my best rate. "However, the sooner I get there the better."

Presently I reached a spot where four roads met, and while I stood doubtful which to take, a gig driven by some one singing in a loud key overtook me. At sight of my lonely figure, the gig was halted suddenly, and the driver ceased his song.

"Ah, thin, may I ask, is your honor goin' my way?" said a full, round voice. "It's myself that's mighty fond of company o' nights about here."

"I don't know what *your* way may be," I replied. "I wish to go to Sligo."

"Ah, thin, an' it's that same Sligo, the weary be on it, that I'd be afther goin' to myself," answered the driver. "But your honor looks tired—m'anin' no offince—an' perhaps you'd take a lift in the gig."

"Thank you; I will take a lift," I replied, as I stepped forward and sprung quickly to the seat. "The truth is, I feel rather tired, as you say."

"An' has your honor walked far?" asked the driver, as the gig rolled on toward the town.

"I've walked from Ballina since morning," I replied, quickly.

"From Ballina! There, now, the Lord save us!" cried the man, as he half turned in his seat and gazed at me in astonishment. "Why, that's a day's work for the best horse in the masther's stables!"

"Your master must keep good horses, if I may judge by the one before us," I answered.

"The best in all the county, your honor, though I say it. There isn't a gossoon in the three baronies but knows that."

"Your master's a bit of a sportsman, then?"

"Yes, your honor; an' if he'd stick to that, it's himself 'd been the best liked man from Ballina to Ballyshannon. You wouldn't find a better rider or a warmer heart in a day's march. But thim politics has been his ruin with the people."

"Oh, ah; I have heard that Sligo is rather a hot place during elections," I replied. "But surely the people don't turn upon their friends at such a time?"

"They'd turn upon their own father, if he wint ag'in' them," replied the driver, solemnly. "See now, here I am, drivin' the masther's own gig to town just be way of a blin', ye see, while he's got to slip down the strame in Jimmy Sheridan's bit of a boat. Ah, thim politics, thim politics!"

"Oh, then, there's an election about to take place, I presume?"

"Thrue for ye, your honor, thrue for ye," replied the man, dolefully. "There nivir was such a ruction in Sligo before, in the mimiry of man. Two lawyers a-fightin' like divils to see who's to be mimbir."

"Then I'm just in time to see the fun."

"Fun, your honor?" echoed the man "It's not meself that'd object to a bit of a scrimmage now an' ag'in. But it's murther your honor'll see before it's all over, or my name isn't Michael O'Connor. Whist now! Did ye hear nothin' behin' that hedge there?"

At this moment we were about the middle of a rather lonesome stretch of the road, one side of which was bounded by a high thin hedge. The dusk of the evening was fast giving way to the gloom of night.

"I—ah—yes, surely there is something moving there," I replied. "It's some animal, most likely."

"Down in the sate! down, for your life!" cried the driver, as in his terror he brought the horse to a halt. "I—"

His speech was cut short by a couple of loud reports. A lance-like line of fire gushed from the hedge, and one if not two bullets whizzed close past my ear.

As I sprung to my feet in the gig, the driver slid down to the mat, and lay there in a heap, moaning. "Are you hurt?" I asked, as I strove to get the reins out of his palsied hands.

"I'm kilt, kilt entirely!" he moaned.

"Aisy now, aisy there, your honor!" cried a voice from behind the hedge just as I had gained the reins. "It's all a mistake, your honor, all a mistake.!"

"Give the mare the whip! give the mare the whip!" cried the driver, as he strove to crawl under the seat; "we'll all be murthered!"

Instead of taking his advice, however, I held the mare steady, while a man pressed through the thin hedge and stood before us, a yet smoking gun on his shoulder.

"What's the meaning of this?" I asked, coolly, for the new-comer's coolness affected me. "Did you want to murder a person you never saw before?"

"I'm raale downright sorry, your honor," replied the man in just such a tone as he might have used had he trod upon my toe by accident; "but ye see you're in Wolff O'Neil's gig, an' I took ye for him. Where's that fellow Michael?"

As he said this, the man prodded the driver with the end of his gun, while I—I actually laughed outright at the strangeness of the affair.

"Go away with ye, go away!" moaned the driver. "Murther! thaves! murther!"

"Get up with ye, an' take the reins, you gomeril you," said the man, as he gave Michael another prod that brought him half out. "You're as big a coward as my old granny's pet calf. Get up an' take the reins, or I'll—"

"Oh, don't; there, don't say nothin', for the love of heaven!" cried the driver, as he scrambled into his seat again and took the reins into his shaking hands. "I'll do anythin' ye till me, on'y put that gun away."

"There," replied the man, as he lowered the gun till the mouth pointed to the ground; "will that plase ye? Now, tell me where's Squire O'Neil?"

"He's in the town be this," replied the driver. "Oh, thim politics! thim politics!"

"Hum! so he managed to get past us after all. Well, tell him for me, Captain Rock, that if he votes for the sarjint to-morrow, it's an ounce of lead out of this he'll be after trying to digest. Now, mind."

"I'll tell him, captain, dear! I'll tell him," replied the driver, as he fingered the reins and whip nervously. "But mayn't we go on now? Mayn't we go on?"

"Yis, whinever the gentleman plases," replied the man. "An' I'm raale sorry, as I told your honor, I'm raale sorry at the mistake."

"Well, I'm pleased, not sorry," I replied, laughing, "for if you'd hit me, it wouldn't have been at all pleasant. But let me advise you to make sure of your man next time, before firing. Good-night."

"Good-night, your honor, good-night," cried the man, as Michael gave the mare the whip, and sent her along at the top of her speed to the now fast-nearing lights of the town. In less than a quarter of an hour we had dashed through the streets, and halted opposite a large hotel. Here Michael found his master, as he expected; and here I put up for the night, very much to the astonishment of every one. Soon after my arrival I asked to be shown to my room; but it was one o'clock in the morning before the other guests ceased their noise and allowed me to go to sleep. Next day I slept rather late, and might have slept even later, but that I was rudely shaken out of a pleasant dream by a wild howl, as of a thousand demons just let loose. Starting up quickly, and looking out on the street, I saw that it was filled with a fierce-looking crowd, out of whose many mouths had proceeded the yell that had awakened me. Dragging on my clothes I rushed down to the coffee-room. There I learned that the people outside had just accompanied Squire O'Neil back from the polling-place; where he had been the first to vote for "the sarjint." Now that this fact had become generally known, they were clamorous that he should be sent to them, "to tear him limb from limb." Presently, while their cries rose loud and long, the squire entered the room—a tall, military-looking man, with a little of a horsey tone, nose like a hawk, eyes dark, yet glowing like fire.

"They don't seem over fond of me, I see," he said, with a smile, as he bowed to those in the room, and advanced to one of the windows and coolly opened it. Waving his hand, the crowd became instantly silent.

"Now don't be in a hurry, gentlemen," he said, in a clear voice that must have been heard distinctly by every one. "You shall have the honor of my company as soon as my horse can be harnessed, I assure you."

"Eh, what! what does he mean?" I asked of a person next me. "Surely he will not venture out among these howling fiends?"

"That is just what he is going to do," replied my companion. "There is no use talking to him. He has given orders for the mare and gig to be got ready, and it's as much as any one's life is worth to try to stop him. Wolff by name, and wolf by nature; he's enraged at having to steal down here last night like a thief. Ah, there the fun begins! Look out!"

As my companion spoke, he griped me by the arm and dragged me close against a space between two windows. Next moment a shower of stones crashed through the windows, leaving not a single inch of glass unbroken. Then, at longer or shorter intervals, volley followed volley, till the floor of the room was completely covered with road metal and broken glass. Presently, there was a lull in the storm, and the crowd became all at once as silent as the grave. In the hush, I could distinctly hear the grating sound of the opening of some big door almost under us. I looked inquiringly at my companion.

"It's the entry doors being opened to let the wolf out," he said, in reply. "Ah, there he is."

I glanced out of the window, and saw the squire alone in his gig, a smile on his face, his whole bearing as cool and unconcerned as if there was not a single enemy within a thousand miles. Then I heard the great doors clang to, and as they did so, the crowd gave vent to a howl of delighted rage.

At the first appearance of the squire in his gig, the people had swayed back, and left an open space in front of the hotel. Now they seemed about to close in on him, and one man in the front stooped to lift a stone. Quick as lightning, the hand of the squire went to his breast, and just as the man stood upright to throw, I heard the sharp crack of a pistol. The man uttered a wild shriek of pain, clapped his hands to his cheeks, and plunged into the crowd. The bullet had entered at one cheek and gone out at the other, after tearing away a few teeth in its passage. The man was the very person who had made the mistake in shooting at me over-night.

"A near nick that for our friend," said the squire, in his clear voice, while the crowd swayed back a pace or two. "But the next will be nearer still, and I've nearly half a dozen left. Now, will any of you oblige me by stooping to lift a stone?"

He paused and glanced round, while every man in the crowd held his breath and stood still as a statue.

"No? you won't oblige me," he said presently, with a sneer. Then fierce as if charging in some world-famous battle: "Out of my way, you scoundrels! *Faugh-a-ballagh!*"

At the word, he jerked the reins slightly, and the mare moved forward at a trot, with head erect, and bearing as proud as if she knew a conqueror sat behind her. Then, in utter silence, the crowd swayed to right and left, leaving a wide alley, down which the squire drove as gayly as if the whole thing were some pleasant show. When he had disappeared, the crowd closed to again, utterly crestfallen. Then for a short time the whole air was filled with their chattering one to another like the humming of innumerable bees; and presently, without a shout, and without a single stone being thrown the great mass melted away.

Next morning, at an early hour, I left Sligo as fast as a covered conveyance could carry me. I did not care to wait for the slower means of escape by foot, fearful that next time a mistake was made with me the shooting might possibly be better than it was at first.

Humor Graphics.

THE RUB.

When I wander in the gloaming with a (do turn up a spade),
How my heart throbs with (an ace next) for my dearest Adelaide;
Oh, I long to (follow suit there) with a (now we'll play the rub),
And to tell her, softly tell her, (I will have to swing the club). —*Utica Observer.*

A Chew of Tobacco.

"GRUBBY" was a middle-aged, easy-going sort of a fellow, who felt a sort of martial pride in pointing to the address on his letters, which read as follows: "Godfrey Hardy, Company K, Thirty-first New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, Third Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps, Army of the Potomac." It was on a hot day in the month of June, 1863—the day before the commencement of the northward movement which culminated at Gettysburg—that "Grubby," with many others of his regiment, was sent to do picket duty at a point on the Rappahannock, some two miles below Fredericksburg. About 10 o'clock, A. M., he was duly posted close to the edge of the abrupt bank of the stream. On the opposite shore, and perhaps one hundred feet distant, were the enemy's pickets pacing to and fro. There was no picket-shooting being done at this time, and although the opposing lines were only separated by the narrow river, they placed their "beats" in full view of each other without fear. After "Grubby" had held his position some twenty minutes he approached the sentinel on his right and asked for a chew of tobacco, but the party accosted never used the "weed," and was unable to supply his wants. The sentinel on his left was next interviewed, with the same ill-success. The case now began to look desperate; an hour and a half yet before the relief would come, and no tobacco. He slung his gun over his shoulder and walked to and fro in a mechanical sort of way, the very image of despair. But presently he halted and faced quickly to the opposite shore, and called out in a subdued tone to the Confederate sentry: "Say, you feller over there, have you any tobacker?" "Yes," came the quick response. "Will you gim'me a chaw if I'll come over?" "Yes," said Johnny. In a twinkling Grubby inverted his gun, thrust the bayonet in the ground, peeled off his clothes, and was in the water pulling for the other side. He got his tobacco, and returned to his post just in time to escape detection by an officer, who rode along just then to inspect the picket-line.

The writer of this was on picket-duty at the same time and place, and can vouch for the correctness of the story.—*Inter-Ocean.*